



LITERARY cavalcade

TEACHER EDITION • NOVEMBER 1954 • VOL. 7, NO. 2

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

A Mask for Fear (p. 3)

After students have read this short short story, ask them to consider the following questions:

1. How would you explain the title of this story?
2. What definition of courage do you think the author is trying to get across?
3. What victory does Davy win at the end?

When the students have given their answers to these questions, read them the following analysis of the story, and ask them to discuss it:

As the title suggests, this is a story about fear. On one level, it is concerned with a boy's actual physical fear of a dangerous dive from a high ledge. In spite of this fear, however, Davy forces himself to make the dive again and again. In doing so, he masters his fear, even if he does not entirely conquer it.

But the very title of the story suggests that the courage it takes for Davy to make the dive is not courage in its best sense. His preoccupation with the challenge of the dive is actually "A Mask for Fear." The fear he really has to conquer is not fear of the high ledge. This is a reasonable and valid fear which it is actually not desirable to conquer. The fear that Davy most needs to come to terms with is the fear of being different from others. The courage he really needs is the courage to be himself, to cast off his groundless feeling of inferiority to the "city boys."

When Davy decides *not* to dive, he wins his real victory over fear. He has discovered a personal, moral courage which is more significant than mere physical courage. He has found the self-confidence to withstand ridicule, and to be willing to be accepted for what he is. From now on, we feel, he will not compromise his own values with the false values of others (such as Clinton)

in the hope of being admired. He has learned that it is always best to be judged according to the values that one accepts for oneself. And Ginny, who accepts and likes Davy for what he is, has helped him to reach this point of maturity.

Father, Dear Father (p. 5)

Students who enjoy this excerpt from Ludwig Bemelmans' humorous account of his travels with his young daughter may be interested in reading the complete book (Viking, 1953), and other

Highlights of This Issue

Worth-while Fiction

Short Short Story: "A Mask for Fear" (p. 3). Story of a teen-age boy who learned that courage can be revealed in ways other than through physical bravery.

Short Story: "I'm a Dedicated Man, Son" (p. 14). A first-rate sports story about the boys on a college lacrosse team—and one player they almost lost.

Short Story: "Sally" (p. 28). Isaac Azimov looks forward to the twenty-first century in this imaginative adventure that takes place on a farm for retired "Automobiles" (that's not a misspelling!).

Deft Humor

Book Excerpt: "Father, Dear Father" (p. 5). The witty and whimsical Bemelmans at his best, in a self-illustrated chapter from his recent book about the hazards of travel with a young daughter.

Poetry: Poems by Phyllis McGinley (p. 12). This poet's delightful light verse on subjects close to the heart of teen-agers.

Stimulating Drama

Play: "Grandpa and the Statue" (p. 23). A warm, absorbing dramatic portrait of an old man who disapproved of the Statue of Liberty—by the distinguished playwright Arthur Miller.

Picture Essay: A photo preview (p. 10) of the forthcoming Hallmark Hall of Fame TV production of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

Varied Student Writing

"Cavalcade Firsts" (p. 35). Three pages of student writing: an essay, short short story, and three poems by young writers. (See announcement of the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards, p. 38.)

Other stories, features, and quizzes

books and articles by this author.

Point out that the illustrations are Bemelmans' own, and ask students to comment upon whether they feel that these illustrations enhance the humor of the text. A committee of students might bring to class from the school (or town) library other books with samples of Bemelmans' art work, including his two recent picture books for tiny children, *Madeline* and *Madeline's Rescue*.

Macbeth (p. 10)

This month's Picture Essay provides a preview of the coming NBC-TV Hallmark Hall of Fame production of *Macbeth* (Sun., Nov. 28, 4 to 6 p.m., EST), which will star Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson. Some teachers will find this production a useful supplement to the classroom reading of *Macbeth*. Other teachers, who do not include *Macbeth* in their curricula, should be able to use the Hallmark presentation as a means of giving students an introductory acquaintance with this great Shakespearean drama.

If your students have read or will be reading *Macbeth* as part of their regular class work, they should enjoy comparing the TV condensed version with the original text. They will be able to note omissions, and to discuss the reasoning behind the producers' selection of scenes and speeches. They will be able to evaluate the actors' performances in terms of their own fuller acquaintance with the characters. Their appreciation for the TV production will be the greater if they have themselves acted out in class some of the key scenes from the play.

For teachers whose students will first encounter *Macbeth* on TV, however,



the following study questions may prove useful.

Study Questions

Give these questions to students before they see the Hallmark *Macbeth*, and ask them to keep them in mind as they view the production. Afterwards, discuss the questions in class.

Character

What evidences do you find (if any) that Macbeth had some decent impulses? What would you consider to be his major character flaw—the flaw that led him into evil, and eventually to self-ruin?

To what extent do you think that Lady Macbeth was responsible for her husband's crimes? Do you think he would actually have committed his murders without her prodding?

What traits of character do both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth reveal which, directed less selfishly and pervertedly, might have made them admirable people?

Action

What do you consider to be the major dramatic climaxes of the play? What scenes help to create an atmosphere of mystery, foreboding, and suspense? What scenes particularly reveal the character and motives of Macbeth? Of Lady Macbeth? What scenes serve to arouse the spectators' indignation against the crimes committed? What scenes point up the futility and despair to which the evil actions of the Macbeths finally lead them?

Production

Were the actors convincing in their roles? Did they look and speak in the ways that you would expect from people in their situations?

Did the settings complement the atmosphere and action of the play?

Did the selection of scenes serve to make you feel a mounting suspense as the action of the play unfolded?

Grandpa and the Statue (p. 23)

This early play by Arthur Miller, now one of the foremost American playwrights, is suitable for classroom or assembly presentation.

Activities

1. *Background Research:* Have different students look up the answers to the following questions: When, and for what reasons, did the French government give the Statue of Liberty to the United States? Who was the sculptor? How long was it before the money for



Maurice Evans as Macbeth in the Hallmark TV production coming November 28.

the pedestal was raised? What is the inscription upon the pedestal? Where was the Statue of Liberty finally erected?

Who is Arthur Miller? For what plays is he particularly noted?

2. *Discussion:* For what reasons was Grandpa unwilling to subscribe his dime for the Statue? Did you sympathize with these reasons? What was there about the experience of seeing the Statue that finally persuaded Grandpa that he had been wrong? Have you yourself ever seen the Statue of Liberty? If so, describe the circumstances and your own reaction to the experience.

Sally (p. 28)

Isaac Azimov, the author of this story, will already be familiar to science-fiction fans in your class. Like Ray Bradbury, Azimov combines the best science-fiction writers' ability to spin a good yarn with genuine literary skill.

Activities

1. *Composition assignment:* Ask students to write a shortened account of the events of this story from the point of view of Sally, the convertible. At the conclusion of this account, let the students comment, in Sally's "own words," upon the fears that the narrator of the story confesses he feels at the end.

2. *Supplementary reading:* Have students read Karel Capek's play *R. U. R.*, and ask them to report in class on the points of resemblance between the themes of this play and of "Sally." (Both works suggest the problems that could result if machines were ever perfected to the degree that they acquired near-human characteristics and capabilities.)

3. *Class project:* Divide class into groups responsible for making a TV or

L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES

"Have you ever been
chased by an 'automobile'?"



Come into the year 2050

and meet "SALLY" (p. 28)

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

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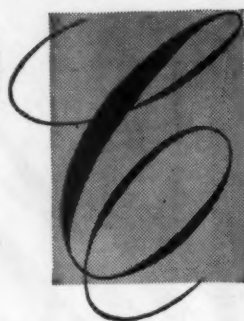
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OUR FRONT COVER



That's an "automobile" of the year 2050 pictured on our cover. It was drawn by artist Charles Beck to illustrate the story on page 28.



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A Mask for Fear

Higher and higher he dived into the pool of jagged rocks—but was this the test of real courage?

BREATHING hard, Davy climbed to the ledge where his clothes lay. He wrapped the large towel around his lanky, shivering body and rubbed his hands briskly. Now that it was over, he felt good. He'd made up his mind to dive and nothing had stopped him—not the dangerous rocks beneath the crashing sea, the chilly dawn or his father's roaring anger.

"You gone clear off your squash, Davy?" his father had said. "If you weren't already sixteen, I'd tan your hide. Got a mind to, all the same."

Davy still remembered the force of his father's slap against his ear. But he was here anyway, he thought, as he looked down the fifteen-foot rise of the rocks that stretched seaward like a giant's bony finger. Davy knew the risk and he feared it. One badly angled dive and he could split his head wide open, like that loony kid had done six years ago. "Since then folks have stayed away," Davy's father had shouted, striking him again, "excepting this darn' fool son of mine."

Maybe he *was* a darned fool, Davy thought, dressing in the privacy of the overhanging boulder, but he wouldn't stop now. He couldn't.

At the horizon, a glittering white radiance spread across the eastern sky. In another hour or two the city folk would begin to cover the beach below with their umbrellas, their canvas chairs and their oiled, white-skinned bodies. When they weren't swimming or resting, they drove around the countryside searching out antiques for the houses they bought. It hurt the villagers to give up a pine chest or a family rocker; but they thought of the food they needed, tightened their lips and took the money.

There was money for Davy and his father, too, in repairing sagging doors, window sashes and

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Short Short Story by
RUTH STERLING

floors. If someone asked, "What on earth do you natives do in the wintertime, young man?" Davy would hit a nail with extra force before replying, "We try to keep alive."

But Davy didn't mind talking to Mr. Anderton, the physics teacher from Boston who had bought the old Pucello cottage a few weeks before. Mrs. Anderton served Davy cookies and milk while he worked, and Mr. Anderton listened thoughtfully as Davy told him of his secret ambition to go to college and learn to be a pilot or an engineer. Davy wondered how he could tell all this to a stranger, but maybe it was because Mr. Anderton was Ginny's father, and Ginny was quick and bright as a flame with her silken golden hair and her sweet, perky face.

Davy sighed and thought: I'm mooning again. He wrapped his wet trunks in the towel and hurried toward the road, breaking into a run, hoping his father hadn't wakened yet. But his father was waiting for him—a tough solid figure in the doorway. His eyes were dark in his lined face; his hands were large, the hands of a man who could hammer and saw—and wallop, too. Davy shrank back, but his father said quietly, "Come in, son, and eat your breakfast. I'm not going to hit you—that don't work. I just want to know why you're doing this loony stunt."

Davy walked past him into the kitchen. Don't ask me, Pa, he thought. How could he explain that it had begun one evening two weeks ago, when he had stood in the darkness outside the private pavilion, watching couples dancing? A girl in a white dress, with hair pale as moonlight, had leaned forward and laughed a silvery, happy laugh; and Davy had felt a chill go through him.

The morning afterward, while Davy was measuring the Anderton porch for new lumber, the screen door slammed and a girl rushed past him and then stopped. Davy's heart beat more rapidly; she was real, after all. "Golly," she said, "did I step on your hand?" She looked so pretty in the sunlight that Davy shook his head dumbly. Just then a red convertible pulled up and a boy with a crew hair cut and a white polo shirt honked and called, "Ready, Ginny?" And she was off, hurrying across the lawn.

Ginny spent a lot of time with Clinton Eberley, who owned the red convertible and lived in one of the gambrel-roofed summer mansions built long ago by sea captains. At night, Clinton in his creamy white jacket looked big and masterful as he guided Ginny around the dance floor; and in the afternoons, when he dived off the wharf, Ginny would stand on the beach and applaud.

"You used to be a steady boy,"

Davy's father was saying now. "Reckon it's your age. But those rocks are dangerous. Use the wharf."

Davy sneered. "The wharf's for city boys."

His father grinned. "Maybe so," he said. "Well—be careful, son."

"I will, Pa. I promise."

The city boys knew about the rocks. Late in the afternoon a week ago, while Davy was nailing down the last porch step and Ginny was serving cake and lemonade to friends on the lawn, Clinton had said, "Nobody's tried the rocks ever since that kid got himself killed."

"Who'd want to?" Ginny asked.

Davy stood up and pushing back a lock of dark blond hair said, "I ain't afraid to try them." Then he realized what he had said, and a sweat broke out on his forehead.



Ginny looked up quickly and Clinton peered at him. "Ever do it?" Clinton said.

"No," Davy said slowly, "but I'm not afraid to try."

Clinton looked at the others. "He talks big," he said.

Davy wiped his moist hands on his dungarees and knelt to finish his work. Something soft brushed against his arm and he looked up to see Ginny holding a glass of lemonade. "You must get awfully thirsty working in the sun. Here."

Davy gulped down the cool drink. "Thanks—Ginny."

Clinton said loudly, "If he wants a drink he can always go around to the kitchen."

Ginny laughed and looked at Davy. "You want another?" she asked.

Davy shook his head and, gripping the handle of his hammer, swung it down hard. I'll show him, he thought; I'll show them all. . . .

It was mid-July now and work had slowed down; but Davy still practiced before sunup, sharing his solitude with the gulls. He increased his diving height gradually. At each new springing base, Davy scratched the stone with a nail. Once he got careless and scraped his shoulder so badly it bled; and so he worked harder until his dive was straight and sure and he could gauge the safe spaces between the underwater rocks. He was bronzed and muscular and ready, at last. The next day he brought his lunch to the beach and waited.

When Ginny appeared in her yellow bathing suit he called to her and waved. She looked up and waved back, and suddenly Davy lost his head. A wild hammering started in his chest, and he scrambled to the uppermost jutting

boulder. Here there were no nail marks from practice dives to guide him, and the water tossed about, thirty feet below. But he would make it—he had to make it.

A crowd had gathered, and the city boys on the wharf were watching, too. Davy tensed his muscles, ready for the dive.

Then he heard a girl cry: "Don't—don't do it, Davy!" He looked down and saw Ginny holding out her arms to him, begging him to stop. Davy stared at her. "Come down," she cried, "please, Davy, come down!"

The anguish in her voice caused him to hesitate and then step back. But when Clinton shouted, "What's the matter—you chicken-out?" he clenched his fists and stepped into diving position again. He couldn't back out now. He didn't want to. He *knew* he could make the dive.

"Davy . . ." There was fear in Ginny's voice. "Davy, please don't dive."

Suddenly he knew that Ginny was right; that his father was right; that it was the act of a foolhardy show-off to dive—even if he could make it.

He sat down to keep from diving, his head in his hands. From below came the laughter of the city boys, the strident hoot of Clinton louder than the rest. He tried to squeeze back the tears but his palms were wet as he fought back the impulse to leap up and dive, no matter what.

When he looked up, the crowd was gone. Only Clinton and Ginny stood watching as he came down the rocks—slowly, for he was suddenly exhausted. They walked toward him—Ginny pale and close to tears, Clinton smiling condescendingly.

"You looked like a champ on that one," Clinton taunted.

Davy clenched his fists but Ginny laid her hand on his arm and he slowly relaxed.

"Thank you for not diving, Davy," she said softly.

He wished he could tell her how it was—that it was harder to let Clinton think he was yellow than it would have been to dive. But he couldn't explain it exactly, the different kind of courage it had taken. Any kid could have taken the dare and dived off the cliff, but it took—well—a man to let himself be ridiculed for something no one would understand.

"I wasn't afraid," Davy said. "I wasn't scared of diving."

"I know," she said, and slipped her arm through his. "But what you did was braver."

They were walking away from Clinton, but Davy wasn't really aware of it. All he could think was: She knows; she understands. He had always wondered how it felt to be in love.



AUTHOR AND DAUGHTER. You'll meet both Barbara Bemelmans and her dad in this amusing account (text and drawings by her dad) of their shipboard "adventure" on the way to Europe. Barbara's father is famous for his many humorous, light-hearted books and for the equally gay and charming drawings that illustrate them. He was born in Tyrol in Austria. He came to America on his own when he was 16. Businesswise, he is proprietor of well-known restaurants in New York and Paris. At other times, he's a wonderful companion—and parent.

Father, Dear Father

By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

Illustrated by the author



"**L**OOK, what a lovely day we have for sailing," I said, pointing my pen toward the lit-up greenery outside the open window. The birds sang in the trees, and the sun shone on a deck of brightly colored luggage tags which I was filling out. Under "S. S. America" I had carefully lettered my name, and I answered the gay question of "Destination?" with "Cherbourg."*

I was about to fill out a new tag when I noticed Barbara's silence. She was standing at the window, staring at me. I saw clearly the symptoms of wanting something, symptoms long known to me and always the same. I remembered that the day before she had said something about a dog, but I had been called away before I could talk about it at length.

For the most part, Barbara is a sweet and normal girl; when she wants something, she changes. The girl is then under great stress. A trembling of the

lower lip precedes the filling of the beautiful eyes with tears. I am allowed to see these hopeless eyes for a moment, and then, as a spotlight moves from one place to another, she averts her gaze and slowly turns, folds her arms, and looks into the distance.

The crisis is approaching. She swallows, but her throat is constricted; finally, with the urgency of a stammerer, and with her small hands clenched, she manages to convey a few dry words. The small voice is like a cold trumpet. The last word is a choking sound. There is a long, cold silence.

On the morning of sailing I recognized the first stage of this painful condition that overcomes her from time to time. I could tell it by her eyes, her mouth, the position she stood in, the peculiar angles of her arms and legs. She was twisted in an unhappy pose of indecision. Not that she didn't know precisely what she wanted: she was undecided about how to broach the subject.

After the tears, the gaze into the distance, the silence, Barbara blurted out, "You promised I could have a dog."

You Promised Me a Dog

I steeled myself and answered, "Yes, when we get back from Europe you can have a dog."

An answer like that is worse than an outright no. The mood of "I wish I was dead" descended on Barbara. She stared coldly out of the window, and then she turned and limply dragged herself down the corridor to her room, where she goes at times of crisis. She closed the door, not by slamming it, but with a terrible, slow finality. One can see from the corridor how she lets go of the handle inside—in unspeakably dolorous fashion; slowly the handle rises, and there is the barely audible click of the mechanism. There is then the cutting off of human relations, a falling off of appetite, and nothing in the world of joy or disaster matters.

Reprinted by permission from *Father, Dear Father*, by Ludwig Bemelmans, published by Viking. Copyright, 1953, by Ludwig Bemelmans.

Problem parents can be a trial . . . but this time

father comes through nobly in the end

*Cherbourg is a city in France.

Ordinarily the comatose state lasts for weeks. In this case, however, Barbara was confronted with a deadline, for the ship was sailing at five that afternoon and it was now eleven in the morning. I usually break down after three or four weeks of resistance. The time limit for this operation was five hours.

From the door at the end of the corridor came the sound of heart-breaking sobs. This time, however, the sobs were discontinued ahead of schedule and were followed by a period of total silence, which I knew was taken up with plotting at the speed of calculating machinery.

This took about ten minutes. As the door had closed, so it opened again, and fatefully and slowly, as the condemned walk to their place of execution, the poor girl, handkerchief in hand, dragged along the corridor past my room into the kitchen. I never knew until that morning that the pouring of milk into a glass could be a bitter and hopeless thing for one to watch.

I said, "Please be reasonable. I promise you that the moment we get back you can have a dog."

I was not prepared for what followed—the new slant, the surprise attack.

She leaned against the kitchen door-jamb and drank the last of the milk. Her mouth was ringed with white. She said in measured and accusing tones, "You read in the papers this morning what they did in Albany."

"I beg your pardon?"

"They passed a law that all institutions like the A.S.P.C.A. are to be forced to turn dogs over to hospitals, for vivisection—and you know what will happen. They'll get her and then they'll cut her open and sew her up again."

"What has that got to do with me?"

"It has to do with the dog you promised me."

"What dog?"

"The dog that Frances wants to give me."

Frances is a red-headed girl who goes to school with Barbara.

"I didn't know Frances had a dog."

Barbara raised her eyebrows. "You never listen," she said, "Poppy, I told you all about it a dozen times. Doctor Lincoln, that's Frances's father, is going to Saudi Arabia to work for an oil company, and he had to sign a paper agreeing not to take a dog, because it seems the Arabs don't like dogs. So the dog has to be got rid of. So Doctor Lincoln said to Frances, 'If you don't get rid of her, I will.' Now you know

how doctors are—they have no feelings whatever for animals. He'll give her to some hospital for experiments."

What Kind of Dog?

I resumed filling out baggage tags. When I hear the word "dog" I see in my mind a reasonably large animal of no particular breed. This image was hovering about when I asked, "What kind of a dog is it?"

"Her name is Little Bit."

"What?"

"Little BIT—that's her name. She's the dearest, sweetest, snow-white, itsy-bitsy tiny little toy poodle you have ever seen. Can I have her, please?"

I almost let out a shrill bark.

"Wait till you see her and all the things she's got—a special little wicker bed with a mattress, and a dish with her picture on it, and around it is written 'Always faithful' in French. You see, Poppy, they got Little Bit in Paris last year, and she's the unique, sharpest little dog you've ever seen, and naturally she's housebroken, and Frances says she's not going to give her to anybody but me."

I was playing for time. I would have settled for a Corgi, a Yorkshire, a Weimaraner, even a German boxer or a Mexican hairless, but Little Bit was too much. I knew that Doctor Lincoln lived some thirty miles out of the city, and that it would be impossible to get the dog to New York before the ship sailed.

"Where is the dog now?" I asked with faked interest.

"She'll be here any minute, Poppy. Frances is on the way now—and oh, wait till you see, she has the cutest little boots for rainy weather, and a cashmere sweater, sea green, and several sets of leashes and collars. . . ."

"All right," I said, "you can have the dog. We'll put it in a good kennel until we return."

The symptoms, well known and always the same, returned again. The lower lip trembled. "Kennel," she said—and there is no actress on stage or screen who could have weighted this

word with more reproach and misery.

"Yes, kennel," I said and filled out the baggage tag for my portable typewriter.

"Poppy—" she started, but I got up and said, "Now look, Barbara, the ship leaves in a few hours, and to take a dog aboard you have to get a certificate from a veterinary, and reserve a place for him, and buy a ticket."

To my astonishment, Barbara smiled indulgently. "Well, if that's all that's bothering you—first of all, we're going to France; the French, unlike the English, have no quarantine for dogs, and they don't even ask for a health certificate. Second, you can make all the arrangements for the dog's passage on board ship, after it sails. Third, there is plenty of room in the kennels. I know all this because Frances and I went down to the U. S. Lines and got the information day before yesterday."

I stared into distance. At such times I feel a great deal for the man who's going to marry Barbara. With all hope failing I said, "But we'll have to get a traveling bag or something to put the dog in."

"She has a lovely little traveling bag with her name lettered on it, 'Little Bit.'"

The name stung like a whip. "All right then," I wrote an extra baggage tag to be attached to the dog's bag.

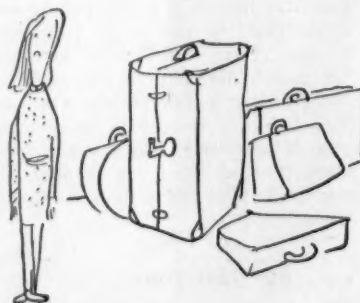
Little Bit

Barbara wore the smug smile of success. "Wait till you see her," she said and ran out of the room. In a moment she returned with Frances, who, I am sure, had been sitting there waiting all the while. The timing was perfect.

Little Bit had shoebutton eyes and a patent-leather nose and a strawberry-colored collar; she was fluffy from the top of her head to her shoulders and then shorn like a miniature Persian lamb. At the end of a stub of a tail was a puff of fluff, and other puffs on the four legs. She wore a pale blue ribbon, and a bell on the collar. I thought that if she were cut open most probably sawdust would come out.

A real dog moves about a room and sniffs its way into corners. It inspects furniture and people, and makes notes of things. Little Bit stood with cock-sparrow stiffness on four legs as static as her stare. She was picked up and brought over to me. I think she knew exactly what I thought of her, for she lifted her tiny lips on the left side of her face over her mouse teeth and sneered.

"Oh, look, Barbara!" said Frances. "Little Bit likes your father—she's smiling at him."





I had an impulse to sneer back, but I took the baggage tags and began to attach them to the luggage. Then I left the room, for Frances showed signs of crisis; her eyes were filling, and the heartbreak was too much for me. Little Bit was less emotional. She ate a hearty meal from her *Toujours fidele* dish and inspected the house, tinkling about with the small bell on her collar.

It was time to go to the boat. The luggage was taken to a taxi, and Little Bit hopped into her bag.

We arrived at the customs barrier, and our passports were checked. The baggage was brought aboard. In our cabin we found some friends waiting. Frances and Barbara, with Little Bit looking out of her bag, inspected the ship. The gong sounded, and the deck steward sang out, "All ashore that's going ashore!" The last of those that were going ashore slid down the gangplank. Good-by, good-by—and then the engine bells sounded below, and the tugs moaned and hissed, and the ship backed out into the river.

There are few sights in the world as beautiful as a trip down the Hudson and out to sea, especially at dusk. I was on deck until we passed the Ambrose Lightship, and then I went down to the cabin.

Little Bit was lying on the desk and watching Barbara. Barbara was already writing a letter to Frances, describing the beauty of travel and Little Bit's reactions. "Isn't she the best traveling dog we've ever had, Poppy?"

I said, "I guess I better go up and get this dog business settled."

"It's all attended to, Poppy. I took care of it," said Barbara and continued writing.

"Well, then you'd better take her upstairs to the kennels. It's almost dinnertime."

"She doesn't have to go to the kennels."

"Now, look, Barbara—"

"See for yourself, Poppy. Just ring for the steward, or let me ring for him."

"Yes, sir," said the steward, smiling. "Is it all right for the dog to stay in the cabin?" I asked. The steward had one of the most honest and kind faces I have ever seen. He didn't fit on a ship either. He was more like a person that works around horses, or a gardener. He had bright eyes and squint lines, a leathery skin, and a good smile.

He closed his eyes and announced, "Dog? I don't see no dog in here, sir." He winked like a burlesque comedian and touched one finger to his head in salute. "My name is Jeff," he said. "If you want anything—" And then he was gone.

"You see?" said Barbara.

I am sure that Little Bit understood every word of the conversation. She stood up and tilted her head, listening to Barbara, who said to her, "You know, Little Bit, you're not supposed to be on this ship at all. You mustn't let anybody see you. Now you hide, while we go down to eat."

There was a knock at the door. Silently Little Bit jumped to the floor and was out of sight.

It was the steward. He brought a little raw meat mixed with string beans on a plate covered with another plate. "Yes, sir," was all he said.

Barbara was asleep when the first rapport between me and Little Bit took place. She tilted her head, and then lifted her lip over the left side of her face. I think I smiled back at her in the same fashion. She smiled once more, and I smiled back: the relationship was established. Life went on as steadily as the ship.

"Lost!"

On the afternoon of the third day out, as I lay in my deck chair reading, Barbara came running. "Little Bit is gone," she stammered with trembling lower lip.

We went down to the cabin. The steward was on all fours, looking under the beds and furniture. "Somebody musta left the door open," he said, "or it wasn't closed properly and swung open, and I suppose she got lonesome here all by herself and went looking for you. You should have taken her up to the movies with you, Miss."

"She's a smart dog," said Barbara. "Let's go to every spot on board where she might look for us."

So we went.

A liner is as big as a city. She was nowhere.

When we got back the steward said, "I know where she is. You see, anybody finds a dog naturally takes it up to the kennels, and that's where she is. And there she stays for the rest of the trip.

The butcher—that's the man in charge of the kennels—he's mean. He figures that each passenger gives him ten bucks for taking care of a dog, and he doesn't want any of us to snatch. There was a Yorkshire stowing away trip before last; he caught him at the gangplank as the dog was leaving the ship—the passenger had put him on a leash. Well, the butcher stopped him from getting off. He held up everything for hours and the steward who had helped hide him was fired. Herman Haegeli is his name, and he's as mean as they come. You'll find him on the top deck, near the aft chimney, where it says 'Kennels.'

At such moments I enjoy the full confidence and affection of my daughter. Her nervous little hand is in mine, she willingly takes direction, her whole being is devotion, and no trouble is too much.

"Now remember," I said, "if you want that dog back we have to be very careful. Let's first go and case the joint."

We climbed up into the scene of white and red ventilators, the sounds of humming wires, and the swish of the water. In yellow and crimson fire, the ball of the sun had half sunk into the sea, precisely at the end of the avenue of foam that the ship had plowed through the ocean. We were alone.

We walked up and down, like people taking exercise before dinner, and the sea changed to violet and to indigo and then to that glossy gunmetal hue that it wears on moonless nights.

There was the sign. A yellow light shone from a porthole. Inside, in one of the upper cages, was Little Bit. There was no lock on her cage.

No one was inside. The door was fastened by a padlock. We walked back and forth for a while, and then a man came up the stairs, carrying a pail. He wore a gray cap, a towel around his neck, and a white coat such as butchers work in.

"That's our man," I said to Barbara. "Now listen carefully. I will go in and start a conversation with Mr. Haegeli. I will try to arrange it so that he turns his back on Little Bit's cage. At that moment, carefully open the door of the cage, grab Little Bit, put her under your coat, and then don't run—stand still, and after a while say, 'Oh, please let's get out of here.' I will then say



good evening, and we both will leave very slowly. Remember to act calmly, watch the butcher, but don't expect a signal from me. Decide yourself when it is time to act. It might be when he is in the middle of work, or while he is talking."

"Oh, please, Poppy, let's get out of here," Barbara rehearsed.

I opened the door to the kennel and smiled like a tourist in appreciation of a new discovery. "Oh, that's where the dogs are kept," I said.

Mr. Haegeli looked up and answered with a grunt. He was mixing dog food.

The butcher didn't look like a butcher—a good butcher is fat and rosy. Mr. Haegeli was thin-lipped, thin-nosed, his chin was pointed. In the light he didn't look as mean as I ex-



pected; he looked rather fanatic, and frustrated.

"How often do you feed them?"

"They eat twice a day and as good as anybody on board," said Mr. Haegeli. "All except Rolfi there—he belongs to an actor, Mr. Kruger, who crosses twice a year and brings the dog's food along." He pointed to the cage where a large police dog was housed. "Rolfi, he is fed once a day, out of cans." He seemed to resent Rolfi and his master.

"You exercise them?"

"Yes, of course—all except Rolfi. Mr. Kruger comes up in the morning and takes him around with him on the top deck and sits with him there on a bench. He doesn't leave him alone. There is such a thing as making too much fuss over a dog."

I said that I agreed with him.

He tried to keep him in his cabin—he said he'd pay full fare for Rolfi, like a passenger. He'll come up any minute now to say good night to Rolfi. Some people are crazy." Mr. Haegeli was putting chopped meat, vegetables, and cereal into the large dish. "There are other people that try to get away with something—they try and smuggle

dogs across, like that one there." He pointed at Little Bit. "But we catch them," he said in his Swiss accent. "Oh yes, we catch them. They think they're smart, but they don't get away with it—not with me on board they don't. I have ways of finding out. I track them down." The fires of the fanatic burned in his eyes. "Ah, here comes Mr. Kruger," he said and opened the door.

Kurt Kruger, the actor, said good evening and introduced himself. He spoke to Mr. Haegeli in German—and Mr. Haegeli turned his back on Little Bit's cage to open Rolfi's. The entire place was immediately deafened with barking from a dozen cages. The breathless moment had arrived. Barbara was approaching the door.

Mr. Kruger and his dog disappeared.

Mr. Haegeli wiped his hand on his apron and went back to mixing the dog food.

"Where do you come from, Mr. Haegeli?"

"Schaffhausen. You know Schaffhausen?"

"Yes, yes," I said in German. "Wunderbar."

"Ja, ja, beautiful city."

"And the waterfall!"

"Oh, please, Poppy, let's get out of here!" Barbara broke in.

The light in Mr. Haegeli's eyes faded. He wiped his hand again on his apron, and I shook it, and slowly we walked out on deck and down the first flight of stairs to A deck. I said to Barbara, "Run for your life, for by now he has discovered that Little Bit is gone."

We got to the cabin. Little Bit smiled on both sides of her face, and she bounced from floor to chair to dresser. There was a knock on the door—the thrill of the game of cops and robbers had begun. Little Bit vanished.

Barbara asked innocently, "Who is it?"

It was the steward. "Did you find her?"

Barbara smiled.

"You got her back?"

Barbara nodded.

"Well, for heaven's sake, keep her out of sight. That crazy butcher is capable of anything—and I got a wife and family."

"From now on the dog must not be left," I said to Barbara. "She must go with us wherever we go, to the dining room, on deck, to the lounge, and to the movies. And you can't carry her in that bag—you have to cover her with a scarf or have her inside your coat."

Barbara started going about as if she

carried her arm in a sling. The steward averted his eyes whenever he met us, and he didn't bring any more dog food.

Mr. Kruger said, "The kennel man suspects you of having removed the dog from the kennel."

"We did."

"Good," said the actor. "Anything I can do, I will."

"Well, act as if you didn't know anything about it. How is Rolfi?"

"Oh, Rolfi is fine. You know, he's never bitten anybody in his life except that kennel man."

Mr. Kruger offered to get Little Bit off the boat. He had a wicker basket in which he carried some of Rolfi's things, and he would empty that, except for Rolfi's coat, and in that he would carry Little Bit off the *America*, for the butcher would follow us and watch us closely, and if he didn't find the dog before he'd catch us at the customs.

"Isn't he a nice man—Mr. Kruger?" asked Barbara.

Camouflaged in a scarf, Little Bit rested on Barbara's lap during meals. On the deck chair she lay motionless between my feet, covered by a steamer rug. She traveled about under Barbara's coat, and she took her exercise on the secret afterdeck, while I watched from above.

After the morning walk, the next day, the steward knocked. He looked worried. "The butcher was here," he said, "and went all over the room. He found the dish with those French words and the dog's picture on it."

"How could we be so careless?" I said, my professional pride hurt.

"And of course he saw the bag with *Little Bit* printed on it. I said I didn't know nothing about any dog."

Hide and Seek

We doubled our precautions. Little Bit's mouth was down at the edges with worry. I contemplated what to do, I said to Barbara, "Perhaps it would be best to pay the passage and have it over with."

The symptoms were back. "No, you can't do that. Think of the poor steward and his family!"

"Well, we could settle that, I think, with the butcher. I don't like to cheat the line—"

"Well, Poppy, you can send them a check afterward, if that worries you . . ."

Knock on the door.

"Who is it?"

"The purser, sir."

"Please come in."

The door opened. Behind the purser stood Mr. Haegeli.



"Just wanted to look and see if everything is all right. Are you comfortable, sir?"

"Everything is fine."

"By the way, sir, we're looking for a small white dog that's been lost. We wondered if by any chance it's in here."

"Come in and look for yourself."

"That's quite all right, sir. Excuse the intrusion. Good evening." The purser closed the door.

"What a nice man!" said Barbara.

The butcher was excluded from pursuing us in the public rooms of the ship; he couldn't follow us to the movies or the dining room. But he seemed to have spies. "What a lovely scarf you have there, Miss," said the elevator boy, and after that we used the stairs.

The butcher came on deck and followed us on the evening promenade around deck, during which Little Bit sat inside my overcoat, held in place by my right hand in a Napoleonic pose. We made four turns around deck. I leaned against the railing once, holding Little Bit in place, so that I could stretch my arms; Barbara was skipping rope, and the maneuver foiled him. He ran downstairs, and we caught him as he emerged from our cabin—he had made another search.

We saw his shadow on the wall near the stairs several times. He seemed to be nearing a nervous breakdown. Mr. Kruger told us that he had sworn we had the dog and meant to find it at any cost. There was one more night to go, and the next day we would dock.

On the last afternoon on board I became careless. Some passengers were watching the last game of the deck-

tennis tournament, and others were lying this way and that in their deck chairs, forming a protective barricade.

I thought it safe to take Little Bit out of my coat and place her on deck, so that we all could relax a bit. She had been there but a moment when I heard a cry. "Ha," it went. It was the "Ha" of accusation and discovery, chagrin and triumph, and it had been issued by Mr. Haegeli, who stood with both arms raised. Fortunately he was not a kangaroo and was therefore unable to jump over the deck chairs.

I gathered up Little Bit. By now I knew the ship's plan as well as the man who designed her. We went down two decks on outside stairs, entered through a serving pantry, climbed one inside service stair, and then nonchalantly walked to the bar. I sat down and rang for the steward. I ordered something to drink. In a little while Barbara, with her lemonade in hand, said, "He's watching us through the window!"

We went down to dinner. He was outside that window.

We got up to walk back to the library. There is a passage between the main saloon and the library and it has no window. In a corner of it is the shop, and on this last evening people stood there in numbers buying film, small sailor hats, miniature lifebelts and ship models with "S.S. America" written on them. Here I suddenly realized the miraculous solution of our problem. It was in front of me, on a shelf.

Among stuffed Mickey Mice, Donald Ducks, and teddy bears of various sizes stood the exact replica of Little Bit—the same button eyes and patent-leather nose, the fluff, the legs like

sticks, the pompom at the end of the tail, and the blue ribbon in its hair.

"How much is that dog?" I asked the young lady.

"Two ninety-five."

"I'll take it."

"Shall I wrap it up, sir?"

"No, thanks, I'll take it as is."

"What are we going to do now, Poppy?"

"Now you keep Little Bit hidden, and I'll take the stuffed dog, and we'll go into the library."

There we sat down. I placed the stuffed dog at my side and spoke to it. The butcher was on the far side of the ship, but he almost went through the window. He disappeared and ran around to the other side. I had arranged the toy dog so that it seemed to be asleep at my side, partly covered by Barbara's scarf. I told her to take Little Bit down to the cabin and then come back, and we'd have some fun with the butcher.

When she came back Barbara took the toy dog and fixed its hair and combed the fluff. Then I said, "Please give me the dog." We walked the length of the ship on the inside. The butcher was sprinting outside, his face flashing momentarily in the series of windows.

At the front of the ship we went out on deck. I held the dog so that the pompom stuck out in back, and I wiggled it a little, to give it the illusion of life. It took the butcher a while to catch up. He walked fast—we walked faster. He almost ran—we ran. He shouted, "Mister!" I continued running. As we came toward the stern I asked Barbara, "Can you let out a terrible scream?"

"Yes, of course," said Barbara.

"One—two—three—now."

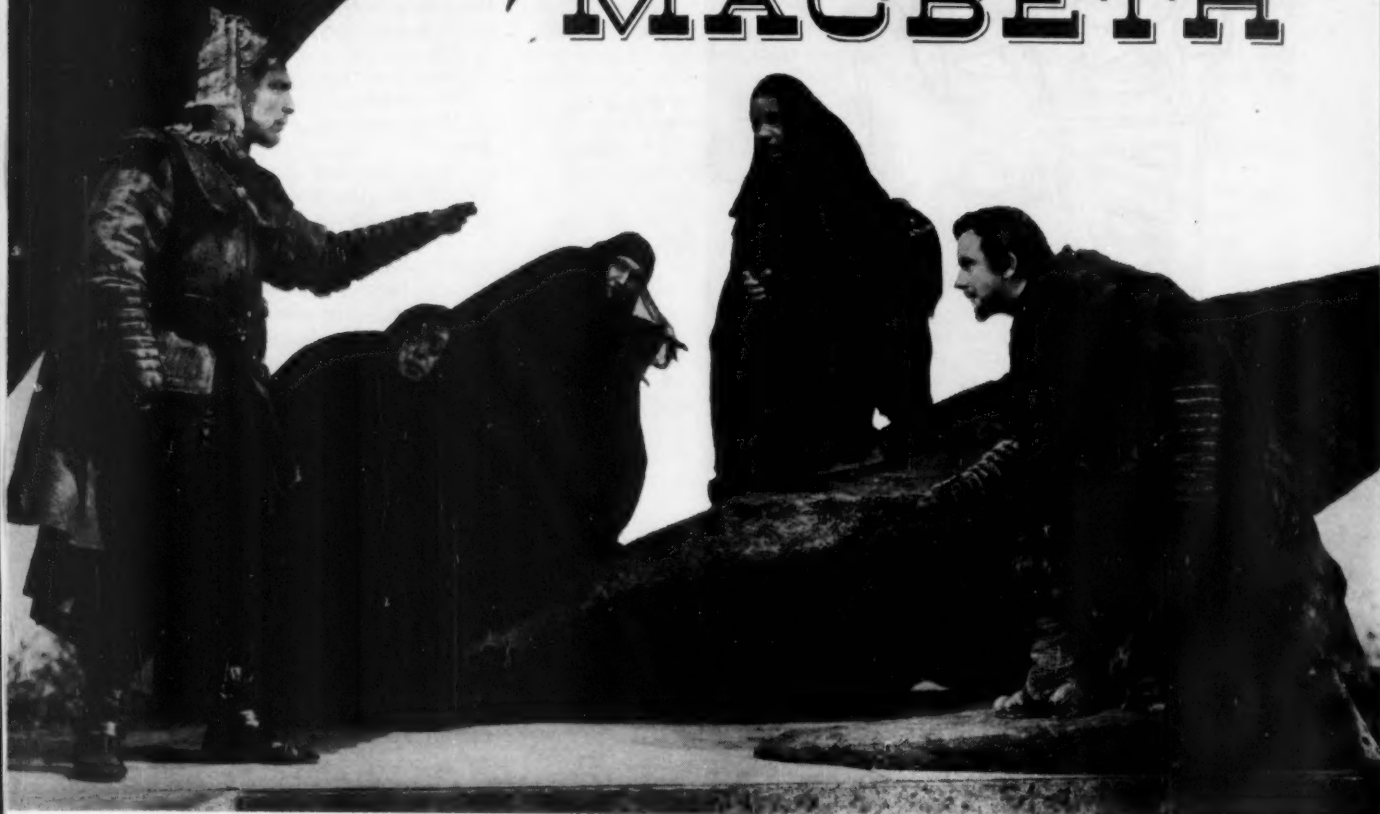
She screamed, and I threw the dog in a wide curve out into the sea. The butcher, a few feet away, gripped the railing and looked below, where the small white form was bobbing up and down in the turbulent water. Rapidly it was washed away in the wake of the *America*.

We left the butcher paralyzed at the stern. He wasn't at the gangplank the next day.

Little Bit landed in France without further incident.



MACBETH



"Double, double, toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble . . .
Fair is foul and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air. . .
Macbeth, thou shall be king hereafter."
The witches (*center*) shrill the prophecy
that fires Macbeth's ambition. Banquo (*left*)
laughs at the spirits.

Lady Macbeth goads Macbeth into murdering the king to fulfill the prophecy. "Screw your courage to the sticking point," she lashes. The deed once done, Macbeth rushes wildly from the scene with the daggers in his hands. "Infirm of purpose!" cries Lady Macbeth and returns with the daggers to "smear the sleeping grooms with blood . . . for it must seem their guilt."

Shakespeare's gripping play

comes to television this month

LITERARY CAVALCADE



Macbeth is king. "To be thus is nothing," he muses, "but to be safely thus." Fearing that Banquo suspects too much, Macbeth now plots Banquo's death, also.

● TELEVISION has a treat in store for all of us this month—a two-hour performance of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, the gripping story of a man obsessed by ambition until he is driven to murder to fulfill it. But murder begets murder, and Macbeth's guilt and fears lead him deeper and deeper into degradation.

Celebrated actor Maurice Evans and stage-and-screen actress Judith Anderson—the Macbeth and Lady Macbeth of the Broadway production in 1941—will head the cast on the Hallmark "Hall of Fame" NBC-TV Sunday, November 28, from 4:00 to 6:00 p.m., E. S. T. Maurice Evans adapted the play for TV. It will be one of the first dramas to be televised across the country in color as well as in black and white.

(Scenes on these pages are from the Broadway production.)

Remember—we've all got a date with TV on November 28th.



Murder leads to murder. Macduff's wife and son are Macbeth's next two innocent victims.

Sinking deeper and deeper into murder and tyranny, Macbeth is finally overthrown by his former allies, led on by Macduff (right).



Tormented by dreams of guilt, the Queen walks in her sleep, trying and trying to rub away an imaginary spot on her hand. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh."



POEMS

of Phyllis McGinley



"Love Letter to P. McG."

from Orville Prescott

New York Times Book Reviewer

Dear Phyllis:

I have just finished reading "The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley" and I feel that I must write you a love letter right now. The impulse to do so seized me this noon as I was walking along West Forty-fourth Street reading in the line of duty, as is my custom when I am panting to meet a deadline.

When I tell you that you are my favorite modern poet, I don't know whether you will consider yourself flattered, knowing as you do that I don't care for most modern poets. But I have derived intense enjoyment from your poems for years and this is the first time I have had a chance to tell you so in print.

A few minutes ago I was looking at the clippings about you that we keep here at *The Times* in a fat envelope. I hadn't realized how versatile a writer you are, being sufficiently impressed by your seven volumes of verse. How in the world you have found time to write advertising copy, lyrics for a musical revue, the script for a movie, magazine articles, book reviews and eight children's books, too. I can't think. And all this in addition to being "a harried mother," as you put it yourself!

The reason I like your poetry so much (at least one of the reasons) is that you seem to enjoy writing it and you obviously hope that people will enjoy reading it. Of course, thousands of us do enjoy reading it. We are stunned with admiration for your dazzling technical skill, the deft perfection with which you dance around among so many poetic forms. We delight in the neat wit of your satirical gibes. I particularly relish "The Old Reformer":

Few friends he kept that pleased his mind.

His marriage failed when it began,

Who worked unceasing for mankind

But loathed his fellow man.

But you must know yourself that it isn't just your delicious humor and your wit that have charmed so many of your readers. Other poets write funny light verse, but they don't capture their readers' affections in nearly so firm a grasp. And this, I think, is because they lack your grace of spirit, the serene wisdom that animates so many of your poems. You may mock at some of the follies of our time; but over and over again you put a tender and true insight into beautiful words and that, I submit, is one of the finest things a poet can do.

And, thank Heaven, you do not put on pompous airs and confound your readers with learned obscurities. A bright lucidity like yours shines like a good deed in the naughty gloom of modern poetry.

Yours, Orville.

Reprinted from the *New York Times*.

HI, ROVER

"We ought to have a dog," said Oliver to me.
"Don't you think we ought to get a dog?" said he.

"For calling closer

In alarms and dangers;

To greet the grocer

And to bark at strangers,

To fight our battles

With the raiding mouse,

To guard our chattels

And to watch our house;

A dog with dignity, a dog with pride,

A fine great brute I can walk beside,

Who won't go wandering on other people's grounds

Or running after motor cars with predatory sounds;

Who knows his station and his master's voice,

One to make a gentleman's heart rejoice—

A Doberman, say, with a pedigree.

Let's get a dog,"

Said Oliver to me.



I said to Oliver, "Oh, yes, indeed,
A dog is positively what we need.

But a quaint small pup

Is my whole intent,

And one brought up

As an ornament

Obedient whatever

Be our demands—

A little dog, clever

At shaking hands;

A dog with decorum, a calm-voiced dog

To slumber in a cushion by the warm gas log,

That won't tear curtains and won't chew chairs

Or decorate the sofa with his cast-off hairs.

Or disarrange the rugs in his antics hearty,

Or leap on a lady when she's ready for a party.

Say, a Spaniel carefully from proud sires bred.

Let's have a dog,"

I think is what I said.



So we have a dog, have Oliver and I,
 A roving Orphan Andy who just strayed by.
 He's never quite certain
 Of our demands,
 He chews the curtain
 And he won't shake hands.
 He flees like most men
 From trumped-up dangers;
 He barks at postmen
 And he fawns on strangers.
 When motorists elude him, he takes it hard.
 He loves to go exploring in the neighbor's yard.
 He leaps on a lady with enthusiastic paws,
 And he fancies Oliver is Santa Claus.
 For poise and decorum he doesn't care a fig,
 And he's not very little and he's not very big.
 And he isn't so brave as Hercules or Daniel
 And he's not a Doberman and not a Spaniel,
 And we aren't quite sure about *what* he is.
 But our sofa and our house and our hearts are his.
 And we wouldn't give him up
 For anybody's pup.



Literary Cavalcade could write its own "love letter" to Phyllis McGinley. We are proud that she has served as a poetry judge of the annual Scholastic Writing Awards (see p. 38).

PORTRAIT OF GIRL WITH COMIC BOOK

Thirteen's no age at all. Thirteen is nothing.
 It is not wit, or powder on the face,
 Or Wednesday matinees, or misses' clothing,
 Or intellect, or grace.
 Twelve has its tribal customs. But thirteen
 Is neither boys in battered cars nor dolls,
 Not Sara Crewe, or movie magazine,
 Or pennants on the walls.
 Thirteen keeps diaries and tropical fish
 (A month, at most); scorns jumpropes in the spring;
 Could not, would fortune grant it, name its wish;
 Wants nothing, everything;
 Has secrets from itself, friends it despises;
 Admits none to the terrors that it feels;
 Owns half a hundred masks but no disguises;
 And walks upon its heels.
 Thirteen's anomalous—not that, not this:
 Not folded bud, or wave that laps a shore,
 Or moth proverbial from the chrysalis.
 Is the one age defeats the metaphor.
 Is not a town, like childhood, strongly walled
 But easily surrounded; is no city.
 Nor, quitted once, can it be quite recalled—
 Not even with pity.

SONG OF THE UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILD

Mother, my mouth is dimpled,
 Mother, my cheeks are pink,
 There are stars in my eyes
 From exercise
 And the vitamined juice I drink.
 My way is a winning way, Mother,
 My manners a hundred proof,
 But I'll never be Queen of the May, Mother—
 No aerial's on our roof.



We have no Console Model
 For viewing of Imogene,
 No Super-Precision
 Full-Room Vision
 Dual-Antennae Screen.
 So playmates cry
 As they pass me by
 With courtesy less than scanty,
 "There goes the girl
 Who doesn't know Berle
 From Caesar or Jimmy Durante!"

What use to bind my hair, Mother,
 Or cherish my childish brain?
 I can't quote banter
 By Eddie Cantor,
 I never see Benny plain.
 Though I'm lavish with treats
 Like sodas and sweets
 Though my roller skates roll like jet,
 Hark to the jeers
 Of my youthful peers:
 "She's got no video set!"

So turn the key in the lock, Mother
 While you kiss my tears away,
 For I'll never be cock o' the walk, Mother
 I'll never be Queen of the May!

The poems on these pages are selected from three of Phyllis McGinley's books: "Portrait of a Girl with Comic Book" from *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*, published 1954 by Viking Press; "Hi, Rover" from *One More Manhattan*, published 1937 by Harcourt, Brace; "Song of the Underprivileged Child" from *A Short Walk to the Station*, published 1951 by Viking Press.

I'm a Dedicated Man, Son

Short Story by STEWART PIERCE BROWN



*Maybe lacrosse wasn't much of a game
to our football coach . . . only there
was one thing he didn't count on*

BOTH teams came charging up on the ball at the same time. Scrubs and varsity met, helmets thumped, sticks clattered and the sound of groaning was heard in our land. And in the middle of it all, Brittle Baker slumped to the ground like an unstrung puppet.

This time it was his ankle; Baker's bones are so brittle you can give him a fracture just by walking past him in heavy shoes. He was carted off to the campus infirmary, and with him went the last hopes of the university's having even a mildly successful lacrosse season.

In fact, my roommate, Red Benson, varsity goalie, sighed and said, "There goes the last hopes of the university's having even a mildly successful lacrosse season."

"True," said Tex Kelly, our fun-

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LITERARY CAVALCADE

Illustrated by JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

loving center, "unless we win a lot of games, we'll never be able to lure such luminaries of the lacrosse world as Maryland and Army and Johns Hopkins onto our schedule."

"We are destined," said Harry (the Horse) Humboldt, "to continue laboring in the vineyard of athletic obscurity."

Those may not have been our exact words, but they give you an idea of what we were all thinking. For years the university lacrosse players have been thinking such thoughts. Lacrosse is kind of a stepchild around here. Football gets the big play. It draws the crowds, it pays the bills, it puts the university's name in the headlines.

Football is played in the new stadium across the river; lacrosse is played on old Nelson Field. Football is watched by 60,000 cheering fans every autumn Saturday; lacrosse is watched by Coach Franks—and even he looks restless every once in a while. The grounds department hasn't seeded Nelson Field since the football boys left, and all maintenance has done to the field house has been to cut down the hot-water supply in the showers. The university does furnish our uniforms, but the Indians who invented the game were better dressed.

YOU want to know something funny? We don't care. But what we *do* care about is our schedule. We play lacrosse because we like it. We get a terrific charge from being out there on a spring afternoon with a bunch of good guys, whipping the ball around. It's wonderful exercise and it's a lot of fun, but we'd like to play some of the good teams. We'd like to play Navy, or maybe Maryland—some of the really hot clubs. Even when you play a game for the fun of it you like to play the big boys.

Now when I say "the fun of it," don't get the wrong idea. Lacrosse is a rugged game.

Basically, the idea is for one team of ten men to toss a rubber ball between the other team's goal posts, which are about six feet apart and six feet high, with a net behind them. This ball is somewhat smaller than a baseball and harder than a freshman's skull. To move it from one end of the field to the other—110 of the longest, most lung-collapsing yards you ever ran—you carry it with a stick that's a cross between a tennis racket and a snowshoe: a long wooden handle with a scoop on the end, woven of leather thongs. You simply cradle the ball in the pocket of your stick and run down the field and flip it between the posts.

You get a point every time you do this, and all that prevents you from doing it as often as you want is the other team.

And they can prevent you by any means short of dropping dynamite down the front of your jersey. They can body-check you, they can hit you with their sticks, they can knock you down and jump on you—or at least that's the way it feels sometimes. Technically it isn't quite that bad. Body-checking is okay, but no flying blocks, like they used to have in football.

You can try to knock the ball out of a man's stick with your stick, but you draw a penalty if you hit him on the head. And there's a rule that says no one but the goalie can touch the ball with his hands. Other than that, it's kitty-kick-the-door-down and Heaven help the man who bruises easily and mends slowly.

They tell me the Indians used to play with a human skull instead of a ball, and I've seen many a day on Nelson Field when it looked as though we were about to give the game back to the Indians literally. The other afternoon somebody's helmet rolled off during a scrimmage; somebody else picked it up and asked, "Whose is this?"

"I don't know," Red said. "Whose head is in it?" The point is, the guy looked to see.

But there's a lot of finesse to the game, too, a lot of technique, and a lot of speed. It's really something to watch a couple of good stick handlers sling that ball around, and you haven't seen the ballet in its purest form until you've seen Navy's forward line go passing downfield at top speed in the face of tough opposition. The intricate plays some teams have worked out would make a chess player quit in envy. So what you've got is a body-contact sport that requires speed and intelligence too.

What we *haven't* got here at the university is a chance to play any of the better clubs. We never have had. Practically generations of lacrosse teams at the university have been trying to make the big leagues. Their lack of success has been spectacular.

But with this year's squad, it looked as if we might do it. Hopes among the old lacrosse alumni began to rise, and in the Athletic Office they told us the big teams were ready to be scheduled as soon as we got one good season under our belt. As I say, it looked as though this were going to be the season.

Then wham! Brittle breaks his ankle and our dreams of glory faded slowly away again.

After Brittle had been taken down

to the infirmary, we called it a day and clumped into the field house. It was a cold-water mausoleum. Even the Horse was quiet, and when you don't hear that picture-rattling laugh of his, you know the situation is grim.

"Well, it looks like Taxidermist Tech again next year," Tex said finally.

"Cheer up," I said. "Tomorrow's another day," and they threw me in the shower.

BUT I was right; tomorrow *was* another day and, as it turned out, quite a day. The jayvees scrimmaged us all over the field. Usually we drub them, but soundly; this time, though, they really gave it to us. The big difference was one man: their first attack, a kid we'd never seen before.

This was a real lacrosse player, this boy. He went through the varsity as though we weren't there. He had speed and power and when it came to broken-field running he made Pete Curlew, who got all the football headlines last fall, look like a hippopotamus on ice. Red was arm-weary from batting down his shots at the crease—and Red didn't stop them all. This kid was really hot.

"This kid is really hot," said Red, who has a way with a phrase. The rest of us were so tired we could only nod.

Red motioned to the kid and he came over to our little circle. There was a friendly smile showing through the wire mask on the front of his helmet. He was tall and rangy and he wasn't even puffing. His legs came out of his shorts like a couple of small oak trees and he had a pair of hands on him that made the big leather lacrosse gauntlets look like pigskin dress gloves. I figure he weighed about 190 pounds—189 of it muscle and bone.

His name was Bud Jenkins and he was a sophomore transfer. This was the first time he'd been out to practice when the jayvees scrimmaged with the varsity. He was a quiet guy, kind of modest and retiring, yet he had a sort of basic confidence. We pirated him off the jayvee squad right then and there. On the varsity we moved Dick Herren from attack back to cover-point and put Bud in his place at first attack.

It was the fuse we'd been needing. We exploded all over the place. When State Teachers came to town to open the season on Saturday, they were halfway home in the bus before they knew they'd been hit. And State Teachers, as a rule, gave us trouble. I mean, we had a lacrosse team! Nelson Field became the scene of great rejoicing; the Horse was laughing practically incessantly. In fact, the only man on the

squad who wasn't doing handsprings was Dick Herren, but even he had to admit we had a better club.

On the second Saturday we clobbered St. Martin's, and we really rolled up the counters too; Jenkins scored six times.

He was a joy to watch out there. He'd whip straight down the field until he ran into trouble, and then he'd suddenly start hopping and side-stepping. The defense men would be left pounding one another over the head. And if they tried to gang up on him, he'd go blasting right through the middle, like a jet-propelled tank. His stick seemed to grow right out of his arm—he kept that ball in there as though it were tacked, tied and trussed with twine. His goal shots traveled slightly faster than the speed of light, yet he could hang a pass out in front of you as lazily as a marshmallow.

And the best part of it all was, he was no prima donna. He was in there every minute, working hard and fast, and he'd laugh almost as loud as the Horse when anyone else scored. He got a big kick out of just playing lacrosse.

OUR third game was with Eastern Military. The Cadets were always tough for us, and this year they were supposed to be really hot.

The two centers faced each other, with the ball between the backs of their sticks. At the whistle they pulled the sticks back smartly and went scuffling for the ball. It rolled off to the right, and Bud scooped it up and shot it over to Tex.

From there on, it was a battle fit for the Colosseum; but no matter how well we played, the Cadets played better. In fact, they began to look a little too hot for us to handle.

But just about then our Mr. Jenkins began to catch fire and the picture changed abruptly. He slammed in two scores, and that started the rest of us going. We finally won 10-4.

So we had three in a row: the Teachers, St. Martin's and Eastern Military. We were warming up just before the National Institute game when Red tapped me on the arm and nodded toward the stands. "Who are those characters in the bleachers, daddy?"

I looked over. "Why, son," I said, steadying myself against him, "those are spectators."

They were, too—about thirty or forty students, strung out along the splintery boards, watching the warmup in a kind of an amused way. But they were watching.

"How did they know there was a lacrosse game here?" Tex asked. "Some-

body been indulging in loose talk?"

"I'm not used to playing with people watching," the Horse said. "I'll probably go all to pieces."

Dick Herren shrugged. "The glamor boy's family, probably," he said and walked away.

Whoever the people in the stands were, we gave them quite a show: we walloped the whey out of the Institute 17-2. We didn't even care about not having hot water in the field house after that game.

And that was only the beginning.

The next home Saturday, there was an even larger turnout. And that night we were all in Tex's room when suddenly the Horse came bursting in, waving the town newspaper and yelling, "We made it! We're in! We made it!" It took five of us to tear the paper out of his hand. We smoothed it out, and down at the bottom of the third column of the second page of the sports section we found the tiny headline: UNIVERSITY LACROSSE TEAM RIPS ACADEMY 11-4. In stunned and reverent silence we read every word of the few brief lines. It was the first time the paper had ever printed anything more than the results of a lacrosse game.

It wasn't the last time though; we got a story every week end after that.



And the crowds continued to grow. They even took to cheering, and after the initial shock we got to like that.

After the Tech game, Brittle Baker reported that the Athletic Office was trying to schedule Army for us next year, and maybe Maryland too. We were really looking up.

Nobody was kidding anybody: we owed it all to Bud Jenkins and we knew it. Maybe he did too, but he never showed it. He kept right on being the same modest guy he'd been that first day. The only change was that he played better every Saturday, which meant the team played better too.

Then one balmy spring afternoon, with the flowers nodding in the fields, the birds on the wing and the varsity shining brighter than a chromium-

plated dime, Fate hauled off and kicked us in the seat of our collective pants.

On that particular day, Hector Granitson, the university's illustrious football coach, and two of his assistants showed up to watch practice. They stood on the side lines and didn't look at anybody all afternoon but Bud.

"We have pirates in the bottom of our garden," Red called to me as we lined up to meet the jayvee attack.

"Maybe Bud'll look bad today," I said hopefully, but I couldn't have been more wrong. The kid was sensational, and after practice, as we headed for the field house, Granny and his men cut him out of the herd and stood talking to him while the rest of us went on to the showers.

I could pretty well guess what they were saying to him. Granny Granitson's speech to a boy on why he should play football for the university is practically irresistible. It's a cross between an Arthur Godfrey commercial and a finance-company pitch. He explains that football is just a plain smart investment. The university takes good care of you: bed, board and a job, over and above your scholarship. When you graduate, there is professional ball, where you can earn yourself a bag of dust in just a few seasons. With that, and what you've saved from your undergraduate salary, you're all set. No dreary years of working your way up, no skimping and saving. You're off to a flying start.

When Bud finally came into the locker room, Tex asked, "What did the body snatchers want, as if I couldn't guess?"

Bud nodded. "They want me to come out for football."

"When?"

"Right now," Bud said. "For spring practice."

For a moment nobody spoke. Finally Red asked, "What did you tell them?"

"I told them I'd think it over tonight," Bud said quietly and went in to shower.

Granny knows talent when he sees it; he had Bud in at tailback and the kid was running wild before the week was out.

Our first game without him, as luck would have it, was against the toughest team on the slate: Rutgers, the only name school we met. Needless to say, they took us apart.

The final score was 16-3.

A couple of days later I bumped into Bud and asked him if he wanted to go have a Coke.

"I'm glad to see you're still speaking to me, Mac," he said. "I thought maybe I was *persona non grata* with you lacrosse men."

About the Author



Stewart Pierce Brown isn't a lacrosse man himself, but is an "interested spectator." At college he played football and baseball, if not well enough to make varsity, at least enough, he says, to break his nose at

football a couple of times. The idea for this story came from his "uneasy feeling about the pressure kids are put under when they go into big time ball."

Stewart Brown grew up in New Jersey. In high school his ambition was to become an actor. (He acts small parts now and then in TV plays.) At Rutgers University he edited the literary magazine and for some time has been turning out stories of his own—and accumulating a collection of "encouraging rejection slips." Then, about 15 months ago, his luck changed. He's now a selling author! He holds down a job in an advertising agency, and turns out stories in spare time.

"Watch your language."

"I'm sorry it worked out the way it did," Bud said. "Granny's offer just seemed too good to pass up."

"Sure. He makes it sound like a lifetime subscription to Fort Knox. How's it working out?"

He hesitated a second, and then said heartily, "Oh, fine—just fine." I didn't say anything and he went on telling me how great it was. "Of course," he said, "they keep you on the go; you don't get much chance to relax. Granny wants to win ball games."

"He's got to."

"Yeah, I suppose so," he said, staring into his Coke. "He's been wonderful to me, though. Got me a job and all my meals. And next fall he says I'll have a scholarship. Everything's going fine, really." He looked at me quickly, but I kept drinking my Coke. He asked, "How are you guys making out?"

"Oh, great. What we lack in power we make up in sheer inability."

He drained his glass and looked at his watch. "I've got to run. I've got a three-o'clock at Bailey's."

I looked up in surprise. Bailey's is the campus tutoring outfit. "Since when is this?"

"Since football," he replied, with a funny smile. "Can't let classes interfere with football, y'know."

We wound up the lacrosse season with one more loss and a tie. The paper didn't carry any more stories on us and

by the last game the crowd had dwindled away to just Brittle Baker and his girl.

Dick said, "We might have been able to deliver if the glamor boy had stuck around."

"Now wait a minute," I said, "any one of us would have done the same . . ." I stopped; I knew I was wrong. And then Coach Franks came in. He gave his end-of-the-season wait-till-next-year speech, and when he finished, everybody dressed and left. . . .

That fall the university had a terrific football team, and Bud was hotter than a mouthful of curry powder.

One afternoon I stopped by to watch the salaried football heroes practice. The number-one boys were taking five, and Bud came over to where I was standing. It was getting dark and there was a nip in the air and somewhere I could smell burning leaves. Across the river the lights of the town winked busily.

Bud sighed. "Nice time of day."

"Nice time of year," I added.

He nodded. "I like fall."

"We've got a hayride tonight. Want to come along?"

He looked at me hard. "You mean it? I mean, I understand the guys don't—"

"I'm one of those guys and I'm asking you."

"Gosh, I'd like to, Mac, but I don't see how I can. Anyhow, I'm usually too bushed by nine o'clock to go anywhere."

A whistle shrilled and the floodlights came on. "Into the den, Daniel," I said. "I'll see you soon."

Bud walked slowly out into the bright lights, buckling on his helmet.

A COUPLE months later, when the lacrosse schedule for next spring came out, Army was on it but none of the other big-leaguers.

"Well, that's not so bad," the Horse said, as we crowded around the bulletin board to read it. "We just beat Army and then *all* the big boys will want to play us."

We started practice early. Most of the varsity was back and we got right to work. In fact, about the second or third week out we began to look pretty fair. Not midseason form or anything like that, but not bad, either.

One day in particular we were really charged up. We kept Red on the hop knocking down goal shots—*everybody* was winging them in there. He began to clown it up, and pretty soon we were all skylarking around, mugging and shouting and taking crazy shots and generally having a ball. You could hear the Horse halfway across the river. Coach Franks didn't try to stop us;

he let us get it out of our systems.

I had just tried a really weird shot: a twisting hooker on the dead run that made me look like an eel with a bad tic. Tex trotted up beside me. "Gently, Nijinsky," he said. "You're being scouted." He nodded toward the gate at the end of the field. Bud Jenkins was standing there, half in the shadow, watching the practice.

"What's he doing, spying?" Dick said, as he raced by after a loose ball.

"Lay off," I said, "maybe he's just curious."

"Okay, let's move it around out there!" Coach Franks called and we forgot about Bud. Later, when I looked back at the gate, he was gone.

THE next Saturday we managed to beat Eastern Military 6-2, which doesn't look too bad, except that we should have beat them 60-2. We just couldn't seem to get going. We missed passes, we missed checks, we missed a dozen chances to score. None of us looked good. "Gentlemen," Franks said afterward, "it's my painful duty to remind you that Army is on our schedule this year. Each of you please be sure the Athletic Office has the name and address of your next of kin."

There was no doubt about it, the university's lacrosse fortunes were at a low ebb.

"There is no doubt about it," Red began that night up in the room, but I told him to knock it off. He knocked it off and we sat there in a subzero silence for the rest of the evening.

After those terrible taffy pulls with the Cadets our crowds vanished: Brittle's girl wouldn't come any more. The paper ignored us completely.

Army was only three weeks away, and I got the gripe.

It hit me the Monday before the game with good old National Institute. The doctor slapped me into the infirmary, where I had nothing to do but drink orange juice and have nightmares about fire-breathing giants from West Point who handled lacrosse sticks as though they were lead pencils.

After practice each day some of the guys would stop by to read my magazines and eat the fruit my mother sent me. I was always glad to see them, but at the same time I was a little irked too. I'd lie there brooding about the team all day, sweating it out, and then they'd come trooping in at night as carefree as the Bobbsey Twins on a picnic. Every time I brought up the game on Saturday with National Institute, they'd just kind of drift off onto something else.

Finally, Thursday night I flipped. I

asked them point-blank: "Listen aren't you guys just a little worried about Saturday?"

Red took a big bite out of an apple that I was saving for my dessert. "No," he said blandly, "not particularly."

"Well, you ought to be!" I shouted. They looked up from their various magazines in surprise. "Do you think we're good or something?" I went on. "Listen, these Institute boys took the Teachers fifteen to eight. We haven't scored fifteen points in two games. I'm telling you, you better quit goofing off or you're going to get your tails trimmed."

They looked at me, then at one another. Tex silently formed the word "fever," and Red nodded wisely. The Horse said soothingly, "Take it easy, boy, you'll be all right."

"I am all right!" I shouted.

"There, there, now, you're tired," Red said. "Come on, everybody, we'll let him rest." They tiptoed out of the room in lock step. . . .

SATURDAY I was still in bed and I drove the head nurse crazy asking her every ten minutes or so if she knew what the lacrosse score was. She never did. She didn't even know there was a game, but finally, around four thirty, when I figured it must be over, I asked her if she'd call the Athletic Office and find out what happened.

"It's all right," she said, coming back from the telephone, "we won, thirteen to two."

"Thirteen to two?" I shouted at her. "You're nuts!"

She glared at me, and slammed the door with a bang.

That night the whole team came over. They crowded into the room and stood there blocking the door, grinning at me.

"Okay, what got into you guys?" I asked. "Where did you suddenly find thirteen points?"

"Abracadabra!" Red said.

They all stepped aside and there was Bud Jenkins, with a fresh strip of adhesive across his nose and the biggest grin of all.

I stared at him blankly.

"Smile, you germ-ridden misanthrope," the Horse said. "Our boy here has reformed."

"Yes," Tex said. "He was once drunk with football glory, but now he's become a brother member of A.A.—Athletes Anonymous."

Bud's grin was practically pushing his ears off his head. Everybody was grinning except me.

"You mean you gave up football for lacrosse?" I asked Bud. He nodded.

"He was once drunk with football glory, but now he's—" Red started to say but he went down under a pile of protesting teammates. He shouted for help and the head nurse came in and threw them all out for making so much noise. Bud sneaked back and sat in the chair with his feet propped up on the bed.

"How come?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "I like lacrosse."

"You like football, too," I reminded him. "I thought you had it made. A scholarship, All-America, the pro—what happened?"

"Nothing, really, Mac. It's just that they've taken all the fun out of football around here. You've got to win."

"Well, we like to win too, y'know."

"Sure, but it isn't the only reason you play. That's the difference."

"Then, Bud, you were at practice all week?"

"Since Tuesday. The guys didn't tell you because we wanted to surprise you."

"I was surprised all right," I said and we both grinned.

Then we sat in silence for a while. A nurse's rubber soles squeaked along the corridor. Outside and off across the campus I heard the bell in Hollins Hall. It had begun to rain, a soft spring sound on the window.

"You know what really did it, Mac?" Bud asked as the bell stopped tolling.

I shook my head.

"The Horse," he said simply.

"The Horse?"

He laughed. "I was watching you guys at practice one day. You were really having a great time of it. And right in the middle of it the Horse laughed all over the place. That did it for me. I'd forgot you could have fun at practice. I'd forgot you could play a game for the fun of it. So I figured it was about time for me to come back home."

AND that's how Bud Jenkins wound up playing lacrosse for the university. I'd like to be able to tell you that with him in there we went on to beat Army, but we didn't. It was a good game though, and the Army guys all shook hands with us afterward. They're playing us again next year too, and on the strength of that game—and the fact that we went the rest of the season undefeated—we've lined up Johns Hopkins and Maryland. Yes, sir, it's going to be quite a spring next year.



Letter Box

What is your opinion? You write it; we'll print it. Address your letters to "Letter Box," *Literary Cavalcade*, 33 W. 42nd St., New York, 36, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

After receiving six issues of *Literary Cavalcade*, I have come to the conclusion that this publication is definitely one of the finest of school magazines.

I enjoy it so much that I plan to continue my subscription after graduation.

Your policy of publishing stories and poems written by girls and boys of my age especially attracts me. It makes me want to progress in the field of writing.

Ollie Freeman

Marshall (Okla.) School

Dear Editor:

Congratulations for the cover—sailboats—on the October issue! I was sold on your magazine right there. The articles inside were tops, too.

Bob Winthrop
Chicago, Ill.

And Woof Woof to You!

(The following letter—so we're told—was dictated to Janet Dow by her dog, Pepper Thumper. The reference is to

"Being a Public Character," a story that another dog told to author Don Marquis, which appeared in the *March, 1954, Cavalcade*. Pepper Thumper's mistress goes to Needham H. S., in Needham, Mass.)

Dear Editor:

My mistress receives *Cavalcade* at school. I know she enjoys it, for she always curls up on her bed to read it.

She left her copy at home the other day, and it was knocked over on the floor. I happened to notice the story "Being a Public Character," and I want to send my thanks.

I am greatly impressed. I did not realize that human beings understood us dogs so well.

Three woofs for a swell magazine—Woof! Woof! Woof!

Pepper Thumper Dow

CavalQUIZ

• Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion
Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME _____

CLASS _____ NOVEMBER, 1954

Focus on Reading

A Mask for Fear (p. 3)

I. Quick Quiz

After (a) in the blank spaces following each of the quotations below, write the name of the character in the story who is speaking. After (b) write the name of the character who is being spoken to. Count 4 points for each (a) and (b) character that you identify correctly. Total: 32.

1. "I'm not going to hit you—that don't work. I just want to know why you're doing this loony stunt." (a) _____

(b) _____
2. "If he wants a drink he can always go around to the kitchen." (a) _____ (b) _____

3. "What's the matter—you chicken out?" (a) _____
(b) _____

4. "I know," she said. . . . "But what you did was braver."
(a) _____ (b) _____

My score _____

II. What Do You Think?

What differences was Davy conscious of between himself and the "city boys" such as Clinton? In what ways did he feel inferior? In what more important respects was he actually superior to them? Would diving from the ledge have been a good way to demonstrate his superiority? Or would Davy's dive have proved only that he was actually afraid—of the other boys' ridicule? Do you feel as Ginny did that it sometimes takes more bravery to face ridicule than to take a physical risk? Do you think Davy should have dived—if he had known that Ginny wanted him to? Or would her wanting him to have been evidence that she was not the kind of girl worth impressing?

I'm a Dedicated Man, Son (p. 14)

I. Quick Quiz

In the blank space before each of the following quotations, write the letter of the character listed below to whom the quotation refers. (One character will be left over.) Count 8 points for each. Total: 32.

- a. Harry (the horse) Humboldt c. "Granny" Granitson
b. Coach Franks d. Bud Jenkins
e. Brittle Baker

- 1. His "speech to a boy on why he should play football . . . is a cross between an Arthur Godfrey commercial and a finance company pitch."
—2. "When you don't hear that picture-rattling laugh of his, you know the situation is grim."
—3. "You can give him a fracture just by walking past him in heavy shoes."
—4. "His stick seemed to grow right out of his arm—he kept that ball in there as though it were tacked, tied, and trussed with twine."

My score _____

II. What Do You Think?

What characteristics of the game of lacrosse had particular appeal for the boys in this story who played it? Did they prefer lacrosse to football just because of the differences between the two games—or can you mention other reasons for their preference? Do you think it is true that there is often more team spirit and enjoyment of the game among players who go out for the less popular sports a school has to offer? Or does it sometimes work the other way around? Cite examples to support your answer.

For what reasons do you think that Bud Jenkins left the lacrosse squad? Can you sympathize with these reasons—or do you think he was wrong? How would you have felt about Bud's giving up lacrosse if you had been a member of the lacrosse team? Would you still have been friendly toward him—as Mac was, or would you have felt "off" him because he'd let the team down? What was it about the boys on the lacrosse team, and their attitude toward the game, that brought Bud back?



Crossword Puzzle Answer

Sure you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on page 20 of Cavalquiz.

Sally (p. 28)

I. Quick Quiz

In the blank space before each of the numbered phrases, write the *letter* of the character listed below whom the phrase describes. Count 6 points for each. Total: 36.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| a. Mrs. Hester | d. Samson Harridge |
| b. Raymond J. Gellhorn | e. Sally |
| c. Matthew | f. Jeremiah |

- ___1. The first member of the Farm for Retired Automobiles.
- ___2. The shady dealer who bit off more than he could chew in trying to steal some automobile motors.
- ___3. Secretary and assistant on the Farm.
- ___4. A hotheaded sports model fond of teasing the more sedate cars.
- ___5. The founder of the Farm.

___6. In Jake's opinion, the prettiest convertible on the Farm.

My score _____ My total score _____

(Perfect total score: 100)

Answers in Teacher Edition

II. What Do You Think?

Did you sympathize with Jake's feeling for his cars as human beings? Have you yourself ever felt that way about a car, an animal? Or do you think Jake was *too* devoted?

Does this fantasy that takes place in the twenty-first century have anything significant to say about our own world and present times? Can you see any relation between the present-day threat of communism, for instance, and Jake's fear at the end of the story that automobiles throughout the world might suddenly get the idea that the luxuries of one group of cars (on the Farm) ought to be shared by *all* cars? In what ways might the results of such thinking on the part of the automobiles resemble the results of a world-wide spread of communism?

Why, in Jake's opinion, would the result of such thinking eventually doom the cars to disaster?

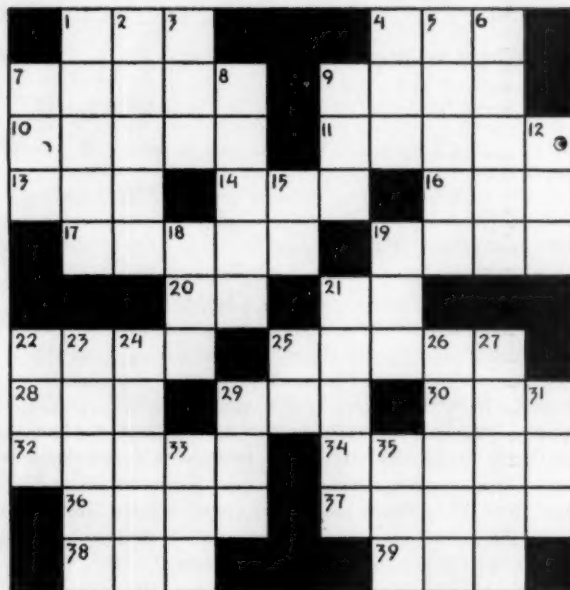
ACROSS

- * 1. I (saw, seen) the accident.
- * 4. I _____ my breakfast before I left for school. (*eat*, past tense)
- * 7. The pitcher (threw, thrown) the ball to the catcher.
9. Send a telegram to.
10. Command.
11. Warning against danger.
13. Prefix meaning "new," as in *___-classic*.
14. United States Navy (*abbrev.*).
16. Not live.
- * 17. He (drink, drank, drunk) the water too quickly.
- * 19. I had (saw, seen) him before, and I recognized him.
20. National Guard (*abbrev.*).
- * 21. Between you and (I, me), I like *Literary Cavalcade*.
- * 22. He (lay, laid, lain) the book on the table.
25. Name of a book.
28. This ends in a hand.
- * 29. He _____ a B plus. (*get*, past tense)
30. Something you can "lend," but not borrow.
32. Flower sold on Memorial Day.
34. Excite, thrill.
36. Slender.
37. Talked wildly.
38. Cyclops had only one of these.
39. Desire; Chinese money.

DOWN

1. Piece, fragment, tatter.
2. Zeal, passion, desire.
3. Tiny. (Scots say it.)
4. Be sick.
5. What boys do with marbles and baseball cards.
6. Weird, like a ghost.
7. 2,000 pounds.
- * 8. She _____ out the dishrag. (*wring*, past tense)
9. Pale in complexion.
12. What boys want to be.
15. South Korea (*abbrev.*).
18. This connects things.
- * 19. Please (sit, set) down.
21. Bishop's crown.
22. This disappears when you stand up.
- * 23. The star _____ at 9:07, right on schedule. (*arise*, past tense)
- * 24. The speaker meant to (infer, imply) that the audience was not paying attention.
- * 25. Try (and, to) do what you are told.
- * 26. You should say, "Let me go," not "_____ me go."
- * 27. He had _____ before I arrived. (*eat*, past participle)
29. Where you play basketball.
31. Bulls don't like this color.
33. Made with apples, a famous U. S. dessert.
- * 35. The dog _____ on the rug. (*lie*, past tense)

Watch Your Language!



• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are all common mistakes in grammatical usage. Allow yourself 4 points for each starred word (there are 16) and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 4 points if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 19, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?

Have Fun with Words

In the Driver's Seat

The self-driving cars described in "Sally" (p. 28) aren't on the market yet—and perhaps never will be. Nor has any machine been developed that will master a vocabulary for you at the mere flick of a button. Machines do a lot of things for us these days, but when it comes to "larnin'," you're still in the driver's seat.

The words in this month's vocabulary list are all taken from "Sally." Some of them you may already know—others will probably be unfamiliar to you. But if you've read "Sally," you may have absorbed the meanings of some of these words just from seeing them in context. Let's see!

I. Match the words in *Column I* with their correct definitions in *Column II* by placing the letters of the appropriate *Column II* definitions opposite the numbers of the *Column I* words. Count five points for each correct answer. Total: 50.

<i>Column I</i>	<i>Column II</i>
___1. paraplegics	a. outer edge
___2. protruded	b. dance step, spinning on tiptoe
___3. ethical	c. sarcastically, critically
___4. orifice	d. thrust forward
___5. caustically	e. uncomfortable, squeamish
___6. periphery	f. people paralyzed in both upper or lower limbs
___7. virtually	g. distraction
___8. pirouette	h. opening
___9. diversion	i. relating to morals
___10. queasy	j. practically, in effect

My score _____

Put Words to Work

II. First correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the quotations from the story that follow a word from Section I which fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. Count five points for each quotation. Total: 50.

1. "I got up and turned away, but skilfully and neatly as if executing a _____ she wheeled before me again." (little whirling maneuver)

2. "'So?' he said, _____, 'It's a sample of my work.'" (acidly)

3. "Those were the days when blind war veterans, _____, and heads of state were the only ones who drove automatics." (paralytics)

"It's Humiliating!"

Chagrin. Have you ever felt unhappy and annoyed at the same time—a little ridiculous, perhaps, and a little disappointed that things have to be as they are? This sensation of mixed annoyance and humiliation is all expressed in the word *chagrin*. It describes how Ludwig Bemelmans felt about his daughter's dog Little Bit, and the way you might feel if you found that your fellow-students hadn't been laughing at the joke you told in your oral report—but at the ink smudge on your nose.



The vexation implied by *chagrin* is not unlike the discomfort you begin to experience in a certain area of your body after riding horseback for a while. And the fact is that the word *chagrin* comes to us from the Turkish word for "the rump of a horse." The Turks called a horse's posterior *cāghrī*. The imaginative French turned *cāghrī* into *chagrin*—and the word was so expressive that we have adopted it in English with exactly the same meaning and spelling as it has in French.

- "I welcomed the _____." (change of subject)
- "He blew at his fist in an unconcerned gesture as though to clear the tiny _____ of the needle gun." (hole or vent)
- "There was _____ no traffic." (to all intents and purposes)
- "Gellhorn dimmed the _____ light until the phosphorescent green stripe down the middle of the highway, sparkling in the moonlight, was all that kept us out of the trees." (outside area)
- "There was no question in my mind he deserved death. But still I felt a bit _____ over the manner of it." (uneasy)
- "'It wouldn't be exactly _____.'" (in accordance with right conduct)
- "A little tube _____ and spurted Tergosol over the glass." (projected)

My score _____

My total score _____

Answers in Teacher Edition

Composition Capers

Wait for Inspiration?

The answer is "No!" Not if you're interested in results, not if you're looking forward to the thrill and satisfaction that come when you hold a manuscript of your own in your hands.

Full-fledged inspirations, like visions, are pretty rare things. Sometimes the idea for a story seems to strike like a bolt from the blue. You have the impression that the muse must have flashed it personally to you. But the chances are that you have been on the lookout for just such an idea—and doing some thinking and observing—or you probably wouldn't have recognized its story possibilities when it came your way.

Shakespeare and You

You can be pretty sure that most of the writers represented in this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*—from Shakespeare to the student contributors to "Cavalcade Firsts"—came upon their ideas through real mental effort and planning.

In fact, the first step in writing something is often the hardest. You have to search your mind for a subject, and then search all over again for an "angle" on that subject that will make it possible to put it across in writing. This is no cause for despair, however. Very often the idea you form through real mental effort and planning will lead to a better piece of writing than a "hot" inspiration.

What's more, there are a number of methods by which you can "creep up" on a subject worth writing about. The first of these is the actual experience you have; second is the reading you do; the third is reflection and contemplation. Let's explore each briefly.

It Happened to You

Edwin McGovern, the author of the "Cavalcade Firsts" selection "A Memorable Day of My Life," draws entirely upon the details of a real adventure he had. The result is an interesting, first-person essay.

You may never have turned over in a sailboat, as Edwin did, but your own hobbies and interests might lead to similar first-person essays. How about the first time you tried out for a particular school sport? Or your first visit to a certain section of the country? Or your debut as a public speaker—or actor? These, and hundreds of other experiences you've "lived," are grist for your mill as a writer.

Your own experience need not, of course, take the form of a personal essay. It may simply contribute to the realism and effectiveness of a short story. Joyce Boudreau, author of the "Cavalcade Firsts" story "Lost Love," says she got her idea from the experience of a friend. But once she started

to write, her first-hand experience with after-school soda-gatherings helped to make her details vivid.

From Reader to Writer

Have you ever read a novel or story that "rang bells" as far as your own experience was concerned? Have you met a character, for instance, who reminded you of someone you know—or discovered an incident similar to one that you yourself have witnessed?

We don't mean, of course, that you should "steal" characters and incidents from other writers! That's plagiarism. But something you've read *can* often set your mind ticking in its own creative channels.

For example, Stewart Pierce Brown, author of the short story, "I'm a Dedicated Man, Son," tells us that reading about the growing pressure of big time sports set him thinking—and worrying. From that thinking he developed his story.

Let's look also at Brian McNaughton's poem, "An Apology," which appears in this month's "Cavalcade Firsts." Brian describes experiences that he has read about or imagined, but which he knows he can never have in real life.

Brian may have read Emily Dickinson's poem which begins:

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea:
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

Perhaps you, too, have felt this power of the creative imagination. If so, express the idea in writing—in *your* words.

Thinking It Over

Almost anyone who advises a young writer will emphasize the importance of writing about things and people that you know from your own observation and experience. That's good advice, too, for it stands to reason that you will write most convincingly and effectively about subjects with which you have some first-hand acquaintance.

This doesn't mean, however, that you can't draw on the things you *think* as well as the things you see and do or read about. In fact, every writer mentioned on this page so far has done a great deal of thinking—about his personal experience or something he read—in order to develop the idea for his story or essay or poem.

Your own writing may well begin with a general thought or reflection—the kind, for example, that begins: "What would happen if. . .?"

It was some such thought that led Isaac Azimov to write "Sally" (p. 28). Azimov was trying to think of an idea for a story while he was driving through Boston traffic. It occurred to him that he'd have more time to think—and would probably be in less danger from accidents—if the car could drive itself. Right there he had his idea!

Now it's your turn! During the next month put yourself on the lookout for three or four ideas for *your* story or essay. And next month we'll discuss "planning your story."





*Grandpa got all twisted up with the Statue—
and all because he wouldn't part with a dime*

By **ARTHUR MILLER**
Pulitzer-Prize-Winning Playwright

Grandpa and the Statue

CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER	JACK
AUGUST	MIKE
YOUNG MONAGHAN	JOE
SHEEAN	ALF
GRANDFATHER MONAGHAN	GIRL
BOY MONAGHAN	YOUNG
GEORGE	MEGAPHONE VOICE
CHARLEY	VETERAN

MUSIC: *Theme . . . fade under*

ANNOUNCER: The scene is the fourth floor of a giant army hospital overlooking New York Harbor. A young man sitting in a wheel chair is looking out a window—just looking. After a while another young man in another wheel chair rolls over to him and they both look.

MUSIC: *Out*

AUGUST: You want to play some checkers with me, Monaghan?

MONAGHAN: Not right now.

AUGUST: Okay. (*Slight pause*) You don't want to go feeling blue, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: I'm not blue.

AUGUST: All you do most days is sit here looking out this window.

MONAGHAN: What do you want me to do, jump rope?

AUGUST: No, but what do you get out of it?

MONAGHAN: It's a beautiful view. Some companies make millions of dollars just printing that view on postcards.

AUGUST: Yeh, but nobody keeps looking at a postcard six, seven hours a day.

MONAGHAN: I come from here; it reminds me of things. My young days.

AUGUST: That's right, you're Brooklyn, aren't you?

MONAGHAN: My house is only about a mile away.

AUGUST: That so? Tell me, are you looking at just the water all the time? I'm curious. I don't get a kick out of this view.

MONAGHAN: There's the Statue of Liberty out there. Don't you see it?

AUGUST: Oh, that's it. Yes, that's nice to look at.

MONAGHAN: I like it. Reminds me of a lot of laughs.

AUGUST: Laughs? The Statue of Liberty?

MONAGHAN: Yeh, my grandfather. He got all twisted up with that Statue.

AUGUST (*laughs a little*): That so? What happened?

MONAGHAN: Well, my grandfather was the stingiest man in Brooklyn. "Mercyless" Monaghan, they used to call him. He even used to save umbrella handles.

AUGUST: What for?

MONAGHAN: Just couldn't stand seeing anything go to waste. After a big windstorm there'd be a lot of broken umbrellas laying around in the streets.

AUGUST: Yeh?

MONAGHAN: He'd go around picking them up. In our house the closets were always full of umbrella handles. My grandma used to say that he would go across the Brooklyn Bridge on the trolley just because he could come back on the same nickel. See, if you stayed on the trolley they'd let you come back for the same nickel.

AUGUST: What'd he do, just go over and come back?

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MONAGHAN: Yeh, it made him feel good. Savin' money. Two and half cents.

AUGUST: So how'd he get twisted up with the Statue of Liberty?

MONAGHAN: Well, way back in 1887 or around there, they were living on Butler Street. Butler Street, Brooklyn, practically runs right down to the river. (*Music, sneak behind.*) One day he's sitting on the front porch, reading a paper he borrowed from the neighbors, when along comes this man Jack Sheean who lived up the block.

MUSIC: *Up, then down and out*

SHEEAN (*slight brogue*): A good afternoon to you, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: How're you, Sheean, how're ya?

SHEEAN: Fair, fair. And how's Mrs. Monaghan these days?

MONAGHAN: Warm. Same as everybody else in summer.

SHEEAN: I've come to talk to you about the fund, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: What fund is that?

SHEEAN: The Statu' of Liberty fund.

MONAGHAN: Oh, that.

SHEEAN: It's time we come to grips with the subject, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: I'm not interested, Sheean.

SHEEAN: Now hold up on that a minute. Let me tell you the facts. This here Frenchman has gone and built a fine Statue of Liberty. It cost the Lord knows how many millions to build. All they're askin' us to do is contribute enough to put up a base for the statue to stand on.

MONAGHAN: I'm not . . . !

SHEEAN: Before you answer me. People all over the whole United States are puttin' in for it. Butler Street is doin' the same. We'd like to hang up a flag on the corner saying—"Butler Street, Brooklyn, is one hundred per cent behind the Statue of Liberty." And Butler Street is a hundred per cent subscribed except for you. Now will you give us a dime, Monaghan? One dime and we can put up the flag? Now what do you say to that?

MONAGHAN: I'm not throwin' me good money away for somethin' I don't even know exists.

SHEEAN: Now what do you mean by that?

MONAGHAN: Have you seen this statue?

SHEEAN: No, but it's in a warehouse. And as soon as we get the money to build the pedestal, they'll take it and put it up on that island in the river, and all the boats comin' in from the old country will see it there and it'll raise the hearts of the poor immigrants

to see such a fine sight on their first look at this country.

MONAGHAN: And how do I know it's in this here warehouse at all?

SHEEAN: You read your paper, don't you? It's been in all the papers for the past year.

MONAGHAN: Ha, the papers! Last year I read in the paper that they were about to pave Butler Street and take out all the holes. Turn around and look at Butler Street, Mr. Sheean.

SHEEAN: All right. I'll do this: I'll take you to the warehouse and show you the statue. Will you give me a dime then?

MONAGHAN: Well . . . I'm not sayin' I would, and I'm not sayin' I wouldn't. But I'd be more likely if I saw the thing large as life, I would.

SHEEAN (*peevish*): All right, then. Come along.

MUSIC: *Up, down, and fade out*

SHEEAN: Now then. Do you see the Statue of Liberty or don't you see it?

MONAGHAN: I see it all right, but it's all broke!

SHEEAN: Broke! They brought it from France on a boat. They had to take it apart, didn't they?

MONAGHAN: You got a secondhand statue, that's what you got, and I'm not payin' for new when they've shipped us something that's all smashed to pieces.

SHEEAN: Now just a minute, just a minute. Visualize what I'm about to tell you, Monaghan; get the picture of it. When this statue is put together it's going to stand ten stories high. Coud they get a thing ten stories high into a four-story building such as this is? Use your good sense, now, Monaghan.

MONAGHAN: What's that over there?

SHEEAN: Where?

MONAGHAN: That tablet there in her hand. What's it say? July Eye Vee (IV) MDCCLXXVI . . . what . . . what's all that?

SHEEAN: That means July 4, 1776. It's in Roman numbers. Very high class.

MONAGHAN: What's the good of it? If they're going to put a sign on her they ought to put it: Welcome All. That's it. Welcome All.

SHEEAN: They decided July 4, 1776, and July 4, 1776 it's going to be!

MONAGHAN: All right, then let them get their dime from somebody else?

SHEEAN: Monaghan!

MONAGHAN: No, sir! I'll tell you something. I didn't think there was a statue but there is. She's all broke, it's true, but she's here and maybe they can get her together. But even if they do, will you tell me what sort of a wel-

come to immigrants it'll be, to have a gigantic thing like that in the middle of the river and in her hand is July Eye Vee MCDVC . . . whatever is it?

SHEEAN: That's the date the country was made!

MONAGHAN: The devil with the date! A man comin' in from the sea wants a place to stay, not a date. When I come from the old country I git off at the dock and there's a feller says to me, "Would you care for a room for the night?" "I would that," I sez, and he sez "All right then, follow me." He takes me to a rooming house. I no sooner sign me name on the register—which I was able to do even at that time—when I look around and the feller is gone clear away and took my valise in the bargain. A statue anyway can't move off so fast, but if she's going to welcome let her say welcome, not this MCDVC . . .

SHEEAN: All right, then, Monaghan. But all I can say is, you've laid a disgrace on the name of Butler Street. I'll put the dime in for ya.

MONAGHAN: Don't connect me with it! It's a swindle, is all it is. In the first place, it's broke; in the second place, if they do put it up it'll come down with the first high wind.

SHEEAN: The engineers say it'll last forever!

MONAGHAN: And I say it'll topple into the river in a high wind! Look at the inside of her. She's all hollow!

SHEEAN: I've heard everything now, Monaghan. Just about everything. Good-bye.

MONAGHAN: What do you mean, good-bye? How am I to get back to Butler Street from here?

SHEEAN: You've got legs to walk.

MONAGHAN: I'll remind you that I come on the trolley.

SHEEAN: And I'll remind you that I paid your fare and I'm not repeating the kindness.

MONAGHAN: Sheean! You've stranded me!

MUSIC: *Up and down*

YOUNG MONAGHAN: That was Grandpa. That's why I have to laugh every time I look at the statue now.

AUGUST: Did he ever put the dime in?

YOUNG MONAGHAN: Well—in a way. What happened was this: His daughters got married and finally my mom . . . put me out on Butler Street. I got to be pretty attached to Grandpa. He'd even give me an umbrella handle and make a sword out of it for me. Naturally, I wasn't very old before he began working on me about the statue.

SOUND: *High wind*

BOY MONAGHAN (*softly, as though*

Grandpa is in bed): Grampa?

MONAGHAN (*awakened*): Heh? What are you doin' up?

BOY MONAGHAN: Ssssh! Listen!

SOUND: *Wind rising and fading . . .*

MONAGHAN (*gleefully*): Aaaaaah! Yes, yes. This'll do it, boy. This'll do it. First thing in the morning we'll go down to the docks and I'll bet you me life that Mr. Sheean's statute is smashed down and layin' on the bottom of the bay. Go to sleep now; we'll have a look first thing.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *Footsteps*

BOY MONAGHAN: If it fell down, all the people will get their dimes back, won't they, Grampa?

MONAGHAN: Not only will they get their dimes back, but Mr. Sheean and the whole crew that engineered the collection are going to rot in jail. Now mark my words. Here, now, we'll take a short cut around this shed . . .



SOUND: *Footsteps continue a moment, then gradually come to a halt.*

BOY MONAGHAN: She's . . . she's still standing, Grampa.

MONAGHAN: She is that. (*Uncomprehending*) I don't understand it. That was a terrible wind last night.

BOY MONAGHAN: Maybe she's weaker though. Heh?

MONAGHAN: Why . . . sure, that must be it. I'll wager she's hangin' by a thread. (*Realizing*) Of course! That's why they put her out there in the water so when she falls down she won't be flattening out a lot of poor innocent people. Hey—feel that?

BOY MONAGHAN: The wind! It's starting to blow again!

MONAGHAN: Sure, and look at the sky blackening over!

SOUND: *Wind rising*

MONAGHAN: Feel it comin' up! Take your last look at the statue, boy. If I don't mistake me eyes, she's takin' a small list to Jersey already!

MUSIC: *Up and down*

YOUNG MONAGHAN: It was getting embarrassing for me on the block. I kept promising the other kids that when the next wind came, the statue would come down. We even had a game. Four or five kids would stand in a semicircle around one kid who was the statue. The statue kid had to stand on his heels and look right in

our eyes. Then we'd all take a deep breath and blow in his face. He'd fall down like a stick of wood. They all believed me and Grampa . . . until one day. We were standing around throwing rocks at an old milk can . . .

SOUND: *Banging of rocks against can.*

GEORGE: What're you doin'?

BOY MONAGHAN: What do we look like we're doin'?

GEORGE: I'm going some place to-morrow.

CHARLIE: I know, church. Watch out, I'm throwin'!

SOUND: *Can being hit*

GEORGE: I mean after church.

JACK: Where?

GEORGE: My old man's going to take me out on the Statue of Liberty boat.

SOUND: *Banging against can stops*

BOY MONAGHAN: You're not going out on the statue, though, are you?

GEORGE: Sure, that's where we're going.

BOY MONAGHAN: But you're liable to get killed. Supposing there's a high wind tomorrow.

GEORGE: My old man says that statue couldn't fall down if all the wind in the world and John L. Sullivan hit it at the same time.

BOY MONAGHAN: Is that so?

GEORGE: Yeh, that's so. My old man says that the only reason your grandfather's saying that it's going to fall down is that he's ashamed he didn't put a dime in for the pedestal.

BOY MONAGHAN: Is that so?

GEORGE: Yeh, that's so.

BOY MONAGHAN: Well, you tell your old man that if he gets killed tomorrow not to come around to my grandfather and say he didn't warn him!

JACK: Hey, George, would your father take me along?

GEORGE: I'll ask him, maybe he—

BOY MONAGHAN: What, are you crazy, Jack?

MIKE: Ask him if he'd take me too, will ya, George?

BOY MONAGHAN: Mike, what's the matter with you?

JOE: Me too, George, I'll ask my mother for money.

BOY MONAGHAN: Joe! Didn't you hear what my Grampa said?

JOE: Well . . . I don't really believe that any more.

BOY MONAGHAN: You don't be . . .

MIKE: Me neither.

JACK: I don't really think your Grampa knows what he's talkin' about.

BOY MONAGHAN: He don't, heh? (*Ready to weep*) Okay . . . Okay.

(*Bursting out*) I just hope that wind blows tomorrow, boy! I just hope that wind blows!

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *Creaking of a rocking chair*

BOY MONAGHAN: Grampa . . . ?

MONAGHAN: Huh?

BOY MONAGHAN: Can you stop rocking for a minute? (*Rocking stops*) Can you put down your paper? (*Rustle of paper*) I—I read the weather report for tomorrow.

MONAGHAN: The weather report

BOY MONAGHAN: Yes. It says fair and cool.

MONAGHAN: What of it?

BOY MONAGHAN: I was wondering. Supposing you and me, we went on a boat tomorrow. You know, I see the water every day when I go down to the docks to play, but I never sat on it. I mean in a boat.

MONAGHAN: Oh. Well, we might take the ferry to the Jersey side. We might do that.

BOY MONAGHAN: Yes, but there's nothing to see in Jersey.

MONAGHAN: You can't go to Europe tomorrow.

BOY MONAGHAN: No, but couldn't we go toward the ocean? Just . . . toward it?

MONAGHAN: Toward it. What—what is it on your mind, boy? What is it?

BOY MONAGHAN: Well, I . . .

MONAGHAN: Oh, you want to take the Staten Island ferry. Sure, that's in the direction of the sea.

BOY MONAGHAN: No, Grampa, not Staten Island ferry.

MONAGHAN: You don't mean—(*Breaks off*) Boy!

BOY MONAGHAN: All the kids are going tomorrow with George's old man.

MONAGHAN: You don't believe me any more.

BOY MONAGHAN: I do, Grampa, but

MONAGHAN: You don't. If you did you'd stay clear of the Statue of Liberty

for love of your life!

BOY MONAGHAN: But, Grampa, when is it going to fall down?

MONAGHAN (*with some uncertainty*): You've got to have faith.

BOY MONAGHAN: But every kid in my class went to see it and now the ones that didn't are going tomorrow. And they all keep talking about it and all I do . . . Well, I can't keep telling them it's a swindle. I—I wish we could see it, Grampa. It don't cost so much.

MONAGHAN: As long as you put it that way I'll have to admit I'm a bit curious meself as to how it's managed to stand upright so long. Tell you what I'll do. Barrin' wind, we'll chance it tomorrow!

BOY MONAGHAN: Oh, Gramp!

MONAGHAN: But! If anyone should ask you where we went you'll say—Staten Island. Are y' on?

BOY MONAGHAN: Okay, sure.

MONAGHAN (*secretively*): We'll take the early boat, then. Mum's the word, now. For if old man Sheean hears that I went out there I'll have no peace from the thief the rest of m'life.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *Boat whistles.*

BOY MONAGHAN: Gee, it's nice ridin' on a boat, ain't it, Grampa?

MONAGHAN: Never said there was anything wrong with the boat. Boat's all right. You're sure Georgie's father is takin' the kids in the afternoon?

BOY MONAGHAN: Yeh, that's when they're going. Gee, look at those two sea gulls. Wheel!—look at them swoop!

MONAGHAN: What I can't understand is what all these people see in that statue that they'll keep a boat like this full makin' the trip, year in year out. To hear the newspapers talk, if the statue was gone we'd be at war with the nation that stole her the followin' mornin' early. All it is is a big pile of French copper.

BOY MONAGHAN: The teacher says it shows us that we got liberty.

MONAGHAN: Bah! If you've got liberty you don't need a statue to tell you you got it; and if you haven't got liberty no statue's going to do you any good tellin' you you got it. It was a criminal waste of the people's money. (*Quietly*) And just to prove it to you I'll ask this feller sitting right over there what he sees in it. You'll see what a madness the whole thing was. Say, mister?

ALF: Hey?

MONAGHAN: I beg your pardon. I'm a little strange here, and curious. Could you tell me why you're going to the Statue of Liberty?

ALF: Me? Well, I tell ya. I always wanted to take an ocean voyage. This is a pretty big boat—bigger than the

About the Author

ONE night a few years ago a relatively unknown young playwright attended the opening night of his new play—and that night he became one of the most esteemed writers in the contemporary theatre. The play, *All My Sons*, won the New York Drama Critics Circle award for 1947. Two years later Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* was even more enthusiastically received and won the 1949 Pulitzer Prize for drama. Last year playwright Miller's thought-provoking play, *The Crucible*, though not as long-running as his two previous successes, also won the respect of the critical world.

Arthur Miller's career as a playwright began in his sophomore year at the University of Michigan, where he wrote his first play, a three-acter that was pounded out in a week. It won a \$500 prize and convinced him that he ought to write plays. Mary Slattery, a fellow student who is now Mrs. Miller, shared this conviction. She never lost it, even in the lean years when her earnings as a secretary were larger than his as a playwright; even when his first Broadway play, *The Man Who Had All the Luck*, produced in 1944, folded after six days.

Mr. Miller, now 39, grew up in Brooklyn, N. Y., where the action in *Grandpa and the Statue* takes place. He attended Abraham Lincoln High School, played end on the football team. After high school came three years of work in a plumbing supply warehouse to earn enough money to get under way at the University of Michigan.



He is a tall, intense, hollow-cheeked man, who is tired of being told that he resembles young Lincoln. He was not a born bookworm. During his boyhood and most of his adolescence he ignored books for sports. "The change," he explains, "came in my senior year at high school. I read Dostoevsky's novel, *The Idiot*, and a dam somewhere deep inside of me seemed to give way. For months I read everything of Dostoevsky that I could lay my hands on. When I had finished I knew that I had to be a writer."

In one scene of *Death of a Salesman*, he has a character say, "A man who can't handle tools is not a man." This is really Mr. Miller speaking. When he bought a small summer place in Connecticut he toiled for six weeks from sunrise to sunset building a work shack. When the shack was ready he moved in and during the next six weeks wrote *Death of a Salesman*, his most successful play.

ferries—so on Sundays, sometimes, I take the trip. It's better than nothing.

MONAGHAN: Thank you. *(To the kid)* So much for the great meaning of that statue, me boy. We'll talk to this lady standing at the rail. I just want you to understand why I didn't give Sheean me dime. Madam, would you be good enough to . . . Oh, pardon me. *(To boy)* Better pass her by, she don't look so good. We'll ask that girl there. Young lady, if you'll pardon me the curiosity of an old man . . . could you tell me in a few words what it is about that statue that brings you here?

GIRL: What statue?

MONAGHAN: Why, the Statue of Liberty up 'ead. We're coming to it.

GIRL: Statue of Liberty! Is this the Statue of Liberty boat.

MONAGHAN: Well, what'd you think it was?

GIRL: Oh, my! I'm supposed to be on the Staten Island ferry! Where's the ticket man? *(Going away)* Ticket man!

BOY MONAGHAN: Gee whiz, nobody seems to want to see the statue.

MONAGHAN: Just to prove it, let's see this fellow sitting on this bench here. Young man, say . . .

YOUNG MAN: I can tell you in one word. For four days I haven't had a minute's peace. My kids are screaming, my wife is yelling, upstairs they play the piano all day long. The only place I can find that's quiet is a statue. That statue is my sweetheart. Every Sunday I beat it out to the island and sit next to her, and she don't talk.

BOY MONAGHAN: I guess you were right, Grampa. Nobody seems to think it means anything.

MONAGHAN: Not only doesn't mean anything, but if they'd used the money to build an honest roomin' house on that island, the immigrants would have a place to spend the night, their valises wouldn't get robbed, and they—

MEGAPHONE VOICE: Please keep your seats while the boat is docking. Statue of Liberty—all out in five minutes!

BOY MONAGHAN: Look down there, Gramp! There's a peanut stand! Could I have some?

MONAGHAN: I feel the wind comin' up. I don't think we dare take the time. MUSIC: *Up and down*

BOY MONAGHAN: Sssssseuuuuuww! Look how far you can see! Look at that ship way out in the ocean!

MONAGHAN: It is—it's quite a view. Don't let go of me hand now.

BOY MONAGHAN: I betcha we could almost see California.

MONAGHAN: It's probably that grove of trees way out over there. They do say it's beyond Jersey.

BOY MONAGHAN: Feels funny. We're



standing right inside her hand. Is that what you meant . . . July IV, MCD . . .?

MONAGHAN: That's it. That tablet in her hand. Now shouldn't they have put Welcome All on it instead of that foreign language? Say! Do you feel her rockin'?

BOY MONAGHAN: Yeah, she's moving a little bit. Listen, the wind!

SOUND: *Whistling of wind*

MONAGHAN: We better get down; come on! This way!

BOY MONAGHAN: No, the stairs are this way! Come on!

SOUND: *Running—then quick stop*

MONAGHAN: No, I told you they're the other way! Come!

VETERAN *(calm, quiet voice)*: Don't get excited, Pop. She'll stand.

MONAGHAN: She's swayin' awful.

VETERAN: That's all right. I been up here thirty, forty times. She gives with the wind, flexible. Enjoy the view, go on.

MONAGHAN: Did you say you've been up here forty times?

VETERAN: About that many.

MONAGHAN: What do you find here that's so interesting?

VETERAN: It calms my nerves.

MONAGHAN: Ah. It seems to me it would make you more nervous.

VETERAN: No, not me. It kinda means something to me.

MONAGHAN: Might I ask what?

VETERAN: Well . . . I was in the Philippine War . . . back in '98. Left my brother back there.

MONAGHAN: Oh, yes. Sorry I am to hear it. Young man, I suppose, eh?

VETERAN: Yeh. We were both young. This is his birthday today.

MONAGHAN: Oh, I understand.

VETERAN: Yeh, this statue is about the only stone he's got. In my mind I feel it is anyway. This statue kinda looks like what we believe. You know what I mean?

MONAGHAN: Looks like what we be-

lieve . . . I . . . I never thought of it that way. I . . . I see what you mean. It does look that way. *(Angrily)* See now, boy? If Sheean had put it that way I'd a give him me dime. *(Hurt)* Now, why do you suppose he didn't tell me that! Come down now. I'm sorry, sir, we've got to get out of here.

MUSIC: *Up and down*

SOUND: *Footsteps under*

MONAGHAN: Hurry now; I want to get out of here. I feel terrible. I do, boy. That Sheean, that fool. Why didn't he tell me that? You'd think . . .

BOY MONAGHAN: What does this say?

SOUND: *Footsteps halt*

MONAGHAN: Why, it's just a tablet, I suppose. I'll try it with me spectacles, just a minute. Why, it's a poem, I believe . . . "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift . . . my lamp beside . . . the golden door!" Oh, dear. *(Ready to weep)* It had Welcome All on it all the time. Why didn't Sheean tell me? I'd a given him a quarter! Boy . . . go over there and here's a nickel and buy some peanuts.

BOY MONAGHAN *(astonished)*: Gramp!

MONAGHAN: Go on now, I want to study this a minute. And be sure the man gives you full count.

BOY MONAGHAN: I'll be right back.

SOUND: *Footsteps running away*

MONAGHAN *(to himself)*: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses . . ."

MUSIC: *Swells from a sneak to full, then under to background.*

YOUNG MONAGHAN: I ran over and got my peanuts and stood there crackin' them open, looking around. And I happened to glance over to Grampa. He had his nose right up to that bronze tablet, reading it. And then he reached into his pocket and kinda spied around over his eyeglasses to see if anybody was looking, and then he took out a coin and stuck it in a crack of cement over the tablet.

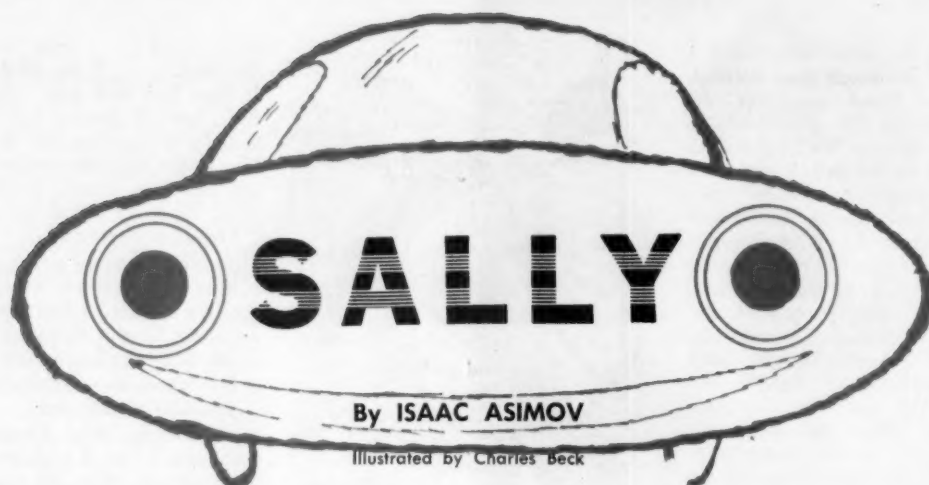
SOUND: *Coin falling onto concrete*

YOUNG MONAGHAN: It fell out and before he could pick it up I got a look at it. It was a half a buck. He picked it up and pressed it into the crack so it stuck. And then he came over to me and we went home.

MUSIC: *Changes to stronger, more forceful theme.*

YOUNG MONAGHAN: That's why, when I look at her now through this window, I remember that time and that poem, and she really seems to say, "Whoever you are, wherever you come from, Welcome All. Welcome Home."

MUSIC: *Flares up to finish.*



Think an automobille doesn't have a mind of its own?

—come with us into the year 2050 and meet Sally

SALLY was coming down the lake road, so I waved to her and called her by name. I always liked to see Sally. I liked all of them, you understand, but Sally's the prettiest one of the lot. There just isn't any question about it.

She moved a little faster when I waved to her. Nothing undignified. She was never that. She moved just enough faster to show that she was glad to see me, too.

I turned to the man standing beside me. "That's Sally," I said.

He smiled at me and nodded.

Mrs. Hester had brought him in. She said, "This is Mr. Gellhorn, Jake. You remember he sent you the letter asking for an appointment."

That was just talk, really. I have a million things to do around the Farm and one thing I just can't waste my time on is mail. That's why I have Mrs. Hester around. She lives pretty close by, she's good at attending to foolishness without running to me about it, and most of all, she likes Sally and the rest. Some people don't.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Gellhorn," I said.

"Raymond J. Gellhorn," he said, and gave me his hand, which I shook and gave back.

He was a largish fellow, half a head taller than I and wider, too. He was about half my age, thirtyish. He had black hair, plastered down slick, with

a part in the middle, and a thin mustache, very neatly trimmed. His jawbones got big under his ears and made him look as if he had a slight case of mumps. On video, he'd be a natural to play the villain, so I assumed he was a nice fellow. It goes to show that video can't be wrong all the time.

"I'm Jacob Folkers," I said, "What can I do for you?"

He grinned. It was a big, wide, white-toothed grin. "You can tell me a little about your Farm here, if you don't mind."

I heard Sally coming up behind me and I put out my hand. She slid right into it and the feel of the hard, glossy enamel of her fender was warm in my palm.

"A nice automobille," said Gellhorn.

That's one way of putting it. Sally was a 2045 convertible with a Hennis-Carleton positronic motor and an Armat chassis. She had the cleanest, finest lines I've ever seen on any model, bar none. For five years, she'd been my favorite and I'd put everything into her I could dream up. In all that time, there'd never been a human being behind her wheel.

Not once.

"Sally," I said, patting her gently, "meet Mr. Gellhorn."

Sally's cylinder-purr keyed up a little. I listened carefully for any knocking. Lately, I'd been hearing a motor-knock in almost all the cars and changing the gasoline hadn't done a bit of good. Sally was as smooth as her paint-job this time, however.

"Do you have names for all your cars?" asked Gellhorn.

He sounded amused and Mrs. Hester doesn't like people to sound as though they were making fun of the Farm. She said, sharply, "Certainly. The cars have real personalities, don't they, Jake? The sedans are all males and the convertibles are females."

Gellhorn was smiling again. "And now I wonder if I can talk to you alone, Mr. Folkers?"

"That depends," I said. "Are you a reporter?"

"No, sir. I'm a sales agent. Any talk we have is not for publication. I assure you I am interested in strict privacy."

"Let's walk down the road a bit, then. There's a bench we can use."

We started down. Mrs. Hester walked across. Sally nudged along after us.

I said, "You don't mind if Sally comes along, do you?"

"Not at all. She can't repeat what we say, can she?" He laughed at his own joke, reached over and rubbed Sally's grille.

Sally raced her motor and Gellhorn's hand drew away quickly.

"She's not used to strangers," I explained.

We sat down on the bench under the big oak trees where we could look across the small lake to the private speedway. It was the warm part of the day and the cars were out in force, at least thirty of them. Even at the distance I could see that Jeremiah was pulling his usual stunt of sneaking up behind some staid older model, then

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putting on a jerk of speed and yowling past with deliberately squealing brakes. Two weeks before, he had crowded old Angus off the asphalt altogether and I had turned off his motor for two days.

It didn't help, though, I'm afraid, and it looks as though there's nothing to be done about it. Jeremiah is a sports model to begin with and that kind is awfully hotheaded.

"Well, Mr. Gellhorn," I said. "Could you tell me why you want the information?"

But he was just looking around. He said, "This is an amazing place, Mr. Folkers."

"I wish you'd call me Jake. Everyone does."

"All right, Jake. How many cars do you have here?"

"Fifty-one. We get one or two new ones every year. One year we got five. We haven't lost one yet. They're all in perfect running order. We even have a '15 model Mat-O-Mot in working order. One of the original automatics. It was the first car here."

Good old Matthew. He stayed in the garage most of the day now, but then he was the granddaddy of all positronic-motored cars. Those were the days when blind war-veterans, paraplegics, and heads of state were the only ones who drove automatics. But Samson Harridge was my boss and he was rich enough to be able to get one. I was his chauffeur at the time.

The thought makes me feel old. I can remember when there wasn't an automobile in the world with brains enough to find its own way home. I chauffeured dead lumps of machines that needed a man's hand at their controls every minute. Every year machines like that used to kill tens of thousands of people.

The automatics fixed that. A positronic brain can react much faster than a human one, of course, and it paid people to keep hands off the controls. You got in, punched your destination and let it go its own way.

We take it all for granted now but I can remember the days when the first laws came out forcing old machines off the highways and limiting travel to automatics. Lord, what a fuss. They called it everything from communism to fascism. But it emptied the highways and stopped the killing, and still more people get around more easily the new way.

Of course, the automatics were ten to a hundred times as expensive as the hand-driven ones, and there weren't many who could afford a private vehicle. The industry specialized in turning out omnibus-automatics. You could always call a company and have one stop at your door in a matter of minutes and

take you where you wanted to go. Usually, you had to drive with others who were going your way, but what's wrong with that?

Samson Harridge had a private car, though, and I went to him the minute it arrived. The car wasn't Matthew to me then. I didn't know it was going to be the dean of the Farm some day. I only knew it was taking my job away and I hated it.

I said, "You won't be needing me any more, Mr. Harridge?"

He was a pretty old man even then, with white hair and pink clean-shaven cheeks, almost like a little boy's. In those days, everyone knew what he looked like. He was one of the richest men in North America.

He said, "What are you dithering about, Jake? You don't think I'll trust myself to a contraption like that, do you? You stay right at the controls."

I said, "But it works by itself, Mr. Harridge. It scans the road, reacts properly to obstacles, humans, and other cars, and remembers routes of travel."

"So they say. So they say. Just the same you're sitting right behind the wheel in case anything goes wrong."

Funny how you can get to like a car. In no time, I was calling it Matthew and was spending all my time keeping it polished and humming. A positronic brain stays in condition best when it's got control of its chassis at all times, which means it's worth keeping the gas tank filled so that the motor can turn over slowly day and night. After a while, it got so I could tell by the sound of the motor how Matthew felt.

In his own way, Harridge grew fond of Matthew, too. He had no one else to like. He'd outlived three wives and outlived five children and three grandchildren. So when he died, maybe it wasn't surprising that he had his estate converted into a Farm for Retired Automotobiles, with me in charge and Matthew the first member.

It's turned out to be my life. I never got married. You can't get married and still tend to automatics the way they should be tended.

The newspapers thought it was funny, but after a while they stopped joking about it. Some things you can't joke about. Maybe you've never been able to afford an automatic and maybe you never will, either, but take it from me, you get to love them. They're hard-working and affectionate. It takes a man with no heart to mistreat one or to see one mistreated.

It got so that after a man had an automatic for a while, he would make provisions for having it left to the Farm, if he didn't have an heir he could rely on to give it good care.

I explained that to Gellhorn.

He said, "Fifty-one cars! That represents a lot of money."

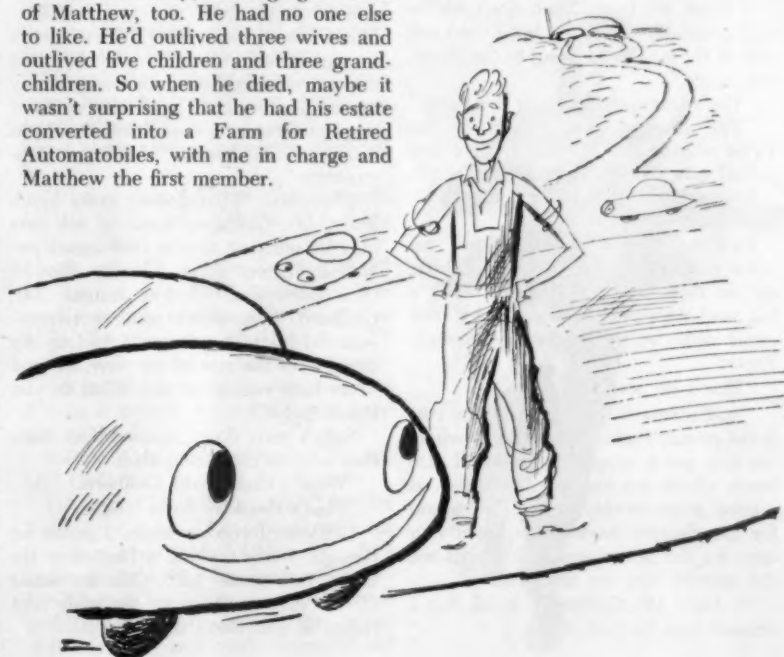
"Fifty thousand minimum per automatic, original investment," I said. "They're worth a lot more now. I've done things for them."

"It must take a lot of money to keep up the Farm."

"You're right there. The Farm's a nonprofit organization, which gives us a break on taxes, and, of course, new automatics that come in usually have trust funds attached. Still, costs are always going up. I have to keep the place landscaped; I keep laying down new asphalt and keeping the old in repair; there's gasoline, oil, repairs, and new gadgets. It adds up."

"And you've spent a long time at it."

"I sure have, Mr. Gellhorn. Thirty-three years."



"You don't seem to be getting much out of it yourself."

"I don't? You surprise me, Mr. Gellhorn. I've got Sally and fifty others. Look at her."

I was grinning. I couldn't help it. Sally was so clean, it almost hurt. Some insect must have died on her windshield or one speck of dust too many had landed, so she was going to work. A little tube protruded and spurted Tergosol over the glass. It spread quickly over the silicone surface film and squeegees snapped into place instantly, passing over the windshield and forcing the water into the little channel that led it, dripping, down to the ground. Not a speck of water got onto her glistening apple green hood. Squeegee and detergent tube snapped back into place and disappeared.

Gellhorn said, "I never saw an automobile do that."

"I guess not," I said. "I fixed that up specially on our cars. They're clean. They're always scrubbing their glass. They like it. I've even got Sally fixed up with wax jets. She polishes herself every night till you can see your face in any part of her and shave by it. If I could scrape up the money, I'd be putting it on the rest of the girls. Convertibles are very vain."

"I can tell you how to scrape up the money, if that interests you."

"That always does. How?"

"Isn't it obvious, Jake? Any of your cars is worth fifty thousand minimum, you said. I'll bet most of them top six figures."

"So?"

"Ever think of selling a few?"

I shook my head. "You don't realize it, I guess, Mr. Gellhorn, but I can't sell any of these. They belong to the Farm, not to me."

"The money would go to the Farm."

"The incorporation papers of the Farm provide that the cars receive perpetual care. They can't be sold."

"What about the motors, then?"

"I don't understand you."

Gellhorn shifted position and his voice got confidential. "Look here, Jake, let me explain the situation. There's a big market for private automatics if they could only be made cheaply enough. Right?"

"That's no secret."

"And ninety-five per cent of the cost is the motor. Right? Now I know where we can get a supply of bodies. I also know where we can sell automatics at a good price—twenty or thirty thousand for the cheaper models, maybe fifty or sixty for the better ones. All I need are the motors. You see the solution?"

"I don't, Mr. Gellhorn." I did, but I wanted him to spell it out.



"It's right here. You've got fifty-one of them. You're an expert automobile mechanic, Jake. You must be. You could unhook a motor and place it in another car so that no one would know the difference."

"It wouldn't be exactly ethical."

"You wouldn't be harming the cars. You'd be doing them a favor. Use your older cars. Use that old Mat-O-Mot."

"Well, now, wait a while, Mr. Gellhorn. The motors and bodies aren't two separate items. They're a single unit. These motors are used to their own bodies. They wouldn't be happy in another car."

"All right, that's a point. That's a very good point, Jake. It would be like taking your mind and putting it in someone else's skull. Right? You don't think you would like that?"

"I don't think I would. No."

"But what if I took your mind and put it into the body of a young athlete. What about that, Jake? You're not a youngster any more. If you had the chance, wouldn't you enjoy being twenty again? That's what I'm offering some of your positronic motors. They'll be put into new '57 bodies. The latest construction."

I laughed. "That doesn't make much sense, Mr. Gellhorn. Some of our cars may be old, but they're well cared for. Nobody drives them. They're allowed their own way. They're retired, Mr. Gellhorn. I wouldn't want a twenty-year-old body if it meant I had to dig ditches for the rest of my new life and never have enough to eat. What do you think, Sally?"

Sally's two doors opened and then shut with a cushioned slam.

"What's that?" said Gellhorn.

"That's the way Sally laughs."

Gellhorn forced a smile. I guess he thought I was making a bad joke. He said, "Talk sense, Jake. Cars are made to be driven. They're probably not happy if you don't drive them."

I said, "Sally hasn't been driven in five years. She looks happy to me."

"I wonder."

He got up and walked toward Sally slowly. "Hi, Sally, how'd you like a drive?"

Sally's motors revved up. She backed away.

"Don't push her, Mr. Gellhorn," I said. "She's liable to be a little skittish."

There were two sedans about a hundred yards up the road. They had stopped. Maybe, in their own way, they were watching. I didn't bother about them. I had my eyes on Sally.

Gellhorn said, "Steady now, Sally." He lunged out and seized the door handle. It didn't budge, of course.

He said, "It opened a minute ago."

I said, "Automatic lock. She's got a sense of privacy, Sally has."

He let go, then said, slowly and deliberately, "A car with a sense of privacy shouldn't go around with its top down."

He stepped back three or four paces, then quickly, so quickly I couldn't take a step to stop him, he ran forward and vaulted into the car. He caught Sally completely by surprise, because as he came down, he shut off the ignition before she could lock it in place.

For the first time in five years, Sally's motor was dead.

I think I yelled, but Gellhorn had the switch on "Manual" and locked that in place, too. He kicked the motor into action. Sally was alive again but she had no freedom of action.

He started up the road. The sedans were still there. They turned and drifted away, not very quickly. I suppose it was all a puzzle to them.

One was Giuseppe, from the Milan factories, and the other was Stephen. They were always together. They were both new at the Farm, but they'd been here long enough to know that our cars just didn't have drivers.

Gellhorn went straight on, and when the sedans finally got it through their heads that Sally wasn't going to slow down, that she *couldn't* slow down, it was too late for anything but desperate measures.

They broke for it, one to each side, and Sally raced between them like a streak. Steve crashed through the lake-side fence and rolled to a halt on the grass and mud not six inches from the water's edge. Giuseppe bumped along the side of the road to a shaken halt.

I had Steve back on the highway and was trying to find out what harm, if any, the fence had done him, when Gellhorn came back.

Gellhorn opened Sally's door and stepped out. Leaning back, he shut off the ignition a second time.

"There," he said. "I think I did her a lot of good."

I held my temper. "Why did you dash through the sedans? There was no reason for that."

"I kept expecting them to turn out."

"They did. One went through a fence."

"I'm sorry, Jake," he said. "I thought they'd move more quickly. You know how it is. I've been in lots of buses, but I've only been in a private automatic two or three times in my life and this is the first time I ever drove one. That just shows you, Jake. It got me, driving one, and I'm pretty hard-boiled. I tell you we don't have to go more than twenty per cent below list price to reach a good market and it would be ninety per cent profit."

"Which we would split?"

"Fifty-fifty. And I take all the risks, remember."

"All right. I listened to you. Now you listen to me." I raised my voice because I was just too mad to be polite any more. "When you turn off Sally's motor, you hurt her. How would you like to be kicked unconscious? That's what you do to Sally, when you turn her off."

"You're exaggerating, Jake. The automatobuses get turned off every night."

"Sure, that's why I want none of my boys and girls in your fancy '57 bodies, where I won't know what treatment they'll get. Buses need major repairs in their positronic circuits every couple of years. Old Matthew hasn't had his circuits touched in twenty years. What can you possibly offer him compared with that?"

"Well, you're excited now. Suppose you think over my proposition when you've cooled down and get in touch with me."

"I've thought it over all I want to. If I ever see you again, I'll call the police."

His mouth got hard and ugly. He said, "Just a minute, old timer."

I said, "Just a minute, you. This is private property and I'm ordering you off."

He shrugged, "Well, then, good-by."

I said, "Mrs. Hester will see you off the property. Make that good-by permanent."

But it wasn't permanent. I saw him again two days later. Two-and-a-half days, rather, because it was about noon when I saw him first and a little after midnight when I saw him again.

I sat up in bed when he turned the light on, blinking blindly till I made out what was happening. Once I could see, it didn't take much explaining. In fact, it took none at all. He had a fist-gun in his right fist, the nasty little needle-barrel just visible between two fingers. I knew that all he had to do was to in-

crease the pressure of his hand and I would be torn apart.

He said, "Put on your clothes, Jake."

I didn't move. I just watched him.

He said, "Look, Jake, I know the situation. I visited you two days ago, remember. You have no guards at this place, no electrified fences, no warning signals. Nothing."

I said, "I don't need any. Meanwhile there's nothing to stop you from leaving, Mr. Gellhorn. I would if I were you. This place can be very dangerous."

He laughed a little. "It is, for anyone on the wrong side of a fist-gun."

"I see it," I said. "I know you've got one."

"Then get a move on. My men are waiting."

"No, sir, Mr. Gellhorn. Not unless you tell me what you want and probably not then."

"I made you a proposition day before yesterday."

"The answer's still no."

"There's more to the proposition now. I've come here with some men and an automatobus. You have your chance to come with me and disconnect twenty-five of the positronic motors. I don't care which twenty-five you choose. We'll load them on the bus and take them away. Once they're disposed of I'll see to it that you get your fair share of the money."

"I have your word on that, I suppose."

He didn't act as if he thought I was being sarcastic. He said, "You have."

I said, "No."

"If you insist on saying no, we'll go about it in our own way. I'll disconnect the motors myself, only I'll disconnect all fifty-one. Every one of them."

"It isn't very easy to disconnect positronic motors, Mr. Gellhorn. Are you a robotics expert? Even if you are, you know, these motors have been modified by me."

"I know that, Jake. And to be truthful, I'm not an expert. I may ruin quite a few motors trying to get them out. That's why I'll have to work over all fifty-one if you don't cooperate. You see I may only end up with twenty-five when I'm through. The first few I'll tackle will probably suffer the most. Till I get the hang of it, you see. And if I go it myself, I think I'll put Sally first in line."

I said, "I don't believe you're serious, Mr. Gellhorn."

He said, "I'm serious, Jake." He let it all dribble in. "If you want to help, you can keep Sally. Otherwise she's liable to be hurt very badly. Sorry—" He blew at his fist in an unconcerned gesture as though to clear the tiny orifice of the needle gun. I would have cheered

if it had gone off and left him faceless. I try to think the best of any man, but a two-legged animal who would think of treating cars in such a way has no right to the title "man."

I said, "I'll come with you, but I'll give you one more warning. You'll be in trouble, Mr. Gellhorn."

He thought that was very funny. He was laughing very quietly as we went down the stairs together.

There was an automatobus waiting outside the driveway to the garage apartments. The shadows of three men waited beside it and their flash-beams went on as we approached. In the light I could see the bus rather well. It wasn't an old model, but it was rather beat up, as though its owners considered it nothing but a lump of machinery. Still, I somehow got the impression that it had personality. You may have noticed that look of defensive self-respect hard-used busses get when they grow old before their time. Some of them, anyway. Like old men with gray hair but straight backs. I like to think that's the impression I give.

Gellhorn said in a low voice, "I've got the old fellow. Come on. Move the truck up the drive and let's get started."

One of the others leaned in and punched the proper instructions on the control panel. We moved up the driveway with the bus following submissively.

"It won't go inside the garage," I said. "The door won't take it. We don't have busses here. Only private cars."

"All right," said Gellhorn. "Pull it





over onto the grass, and keep it out of sight."

I could hear the thrumming of the cars when we were still ten yards from the garage. They got noisy sometimes, especially on a fine moonlit night, when any well-tanked, well-greased car would enjoy a quick trip on the speedway by moonlight. Once in a while, I'd hand out permission to a few as a reward for good behavior, but not often. As a general rule, it was risky. The estate was a large one, but at night it was easy for a high-spirited car to get "lost." I didn't want one to wander into town and start trouble among any busybodies about allowing fifty-one cars to roll about driverless.

Usually they quieted down if I entered the garage. This time they didn't. I think they knew that strangers were about, and once the faces of Gellhorn and the others were visible they got noisier. Each motor was a warm rumble and each motor was knocking irregularly until the place rattled.

The lights went up automatically as we stepped inside. Gellhorn didn't seem bothered by the car noise but the three men with him looked surprised and uncomfortable. They had the look of the hired thug about them, a look that was not compounded of physical features so much as of a certain wariness of eye and hangdogness of face. I knew the type and I wasn't worried.

One of them said, "Damn it, they're burning gas."

"My cars always do," I replied stiffly.

"Not tonight," said Gellhorn. "Turn them off."

"It's not that easy," I said.

"Get started!" he said.

I stood there. He had his fist-gun pointed at me steadily. I said, "I told you, Mr. Gellhorn, that my cars have been well-treated while they've been at the Farm. They're used to being treated that way, and they resent anything else."

"You have one minute," he said. "Lecture me some other time."

"I'm trying to explain something. I'm trying to explain that my cars can understand what I say to them. A positronic motor will learn to do that with time and patience. My cars have learned. Sally understood your proposition two days ago. You'll remember she laughed when I asked her opinion. She also knows what you did to her and so do the two sedans you scattered. And the rest know what to do about trespassers in general."

"Look, you crazy old fool—"

"All I have to say is—" I raised my voice. "Get them."

One of the men turned pasty and yelled but his voice was drowned completely in the sound of fifty-one horns turned loose at once. They held their notes and within the four walls of the garage the echoes rose to a wild, metallic call. Two cars rolled forward, not hurriedly, but with no possible mistake as to their target. Two cars fell in line behind the first two. All the cars were stirring in their separate stalls.

The thugs stared, then backed.

I shouted, "Don't get up against a wall."

Apparently, they had that instinctive thought themselves. They rushed madly for the door of the garage.

At the door, one of Gellhorn's men turned, brought up a fist-gun of his

own. The needle pellet tore a thin, blue flash toward the first car. The car was Giuseppe.

A thin line of paint peeled up Giuseppe's hood and the right half of his windshield crazed and splintered but did not break through.

The men were out the door, running, and two by two the cars crunched out after them into the night, their horns calling the charge.

I kept my hand on Gellhorn's elbow, but I don't think he could have moved in any case. His lips were trembling.

I said, "That's why I don't need electrified fences or guards. My property protects itself."

Gellhorn's eyes swiveled back and forth in fascination as pair by pair, they whizzed by. He said, "They're killers."

"Don't be silly. They won't kill your men."

"They're killers."

"They'll just give your men a lesson. My cars have been specially trained for cross-country pursuit for just such an occasion and I think what your men will get will be worse than an outright quick kill. Have you ever been chased by an automobile?"

Gellhorn didn't answer.

I went on. I didn't want him to miss a thing. "They'll be shadows going no faster than your men, chasing them here, blocking them there, blaring at them, dashing at them, missing with a screech of brake and a thunder of motor. They'll keep it up till your men drop, out of breath and half-dead, waiting for the wheel to crunch over their breaking bones. The cars won't do that. They'll turn away. You can bet, though, that your men will never return here in their lives. Not for all the money you or ten like you could give them. Listen—"

I tightened my hold on his elbow. He strained to hear.

I said, "Don't you hear car-doors slamming?"

It was faint and distant, but unmistakable.

He said, "Yes."

I said, "They're laughing. They're enjoying themselves."

His face crumpled with rage. He lifted his hand. He was still holding his fist-gun.

I said, "I wouldn't. One automobile is still with us."

I don't think he had noticed Sally till then. She had moved up so quietly. Though her right front fender nearly touched me, I couldn't hear the motor. She might have been holding her breath.

Gellhorn yelled.

I said, "She won't touch you, as long as I'm with you. But if you kill me—You know, Sally doesn't like you."

Gellhorn turned the gun in Sally's direction.

"Her motor is shielded," I said, "and before you could ever squeeze the gun a second time, she would be on top of you."

"All right, then," he yelled, and suddenly my arm was bent behind my back and twisted so I could hardly stand. He held me between Sally and himself and his pressure didn't let up. "Back out with me and don't try to break loose, old-timer, or I'll tear your arm out of its socket."

I had to move with him. Sally nudged along with us, worried, uncertain what to do. I tried to say something to her and couldn't. I could only clench my teeth and moan.

Gellhorn's automatobus was still standing outside the garage. I was forced in. Gellhorn jumped in after me, locking the doors.

His forehead glistened momentarily, just before the white light pouring out of the garage doors dimmed. His breath frictioned through his nostrils and he mopped at his face with a handkerchief.

He said, "All right, now. We'll talk sense."

I was rubbing my arm, trying to get life back into it, and even as I did, I was automatically and without any conscious effort studying the control board of the bus.

I said, "This is a rebuilt job."

"So?" he said, caustically. "It's a sample of my work. I picked up a discarded chassis, found a brain I could use and spliced me a private bus. What of it?"

I tore at the repair panel, forcing it aside.

He said, "Get away from that." The side of his palm came down numbly on my left shoulder.

I struggled with him. "I don't want to do this bus any harm. What kind of person do you think I am? I just want to take a look at the motor connections."

It didn't take much of a look. I was boiling when I turned to him. I said, "You're a hound and a skunk. You had no right installing this motor yourself. Why didn't you get a robotics man?"

He said, "Do I look crazy?"

"Even if it was a stolen motor, you had no right to treat it so. I wouldn't treat a man the way you treated that motor. Solder, tape, and pinch-clamps! It's brutal!"

"It works, doesn't it?"

"Sure it works, but it must be horrible for the bus. You could live with migraine headaches and acute arthritis but it wouldn't be much of a life. This car is suffering."

"Shut up!" For a moment, he glanced out the window at Sally, who had rolled

up as close to the bus as she could. He made sure the doors and windows were locked.

He said, "We're getting out of here now, before the other cars come back. We'll stay away."

"How will that help you?"

"Your cars will run out of gas some day, won't they? You haven't got them fixed up so they can tank up on their own, have you? We'll come back and finish the job."

"They'll be looking for me," I said. "Mrs. Hester will call the police."

He was past reasoning with. He just punched the bus in gear. It lurched forward. Sally followed.

He giggled. "What can she do if you're here with me?"

Sally seemed to realize that, too. She picked up speed, passed us and was

gone. Gellhorn opened the window next to him and spat through the opening.

The bus lumbered on over the dark road, its motor rattling unevenly. Gellhorn dimmed the periphery light until the phosphorescent green stripe down the middle of the highway, sparkling in the moonlight, was all that kept us out of the trees. There was virtually no traffic. Two cars passed ours, going the other way, and there were none at all on our side of the highway, either before or behind.

I heard the door-slamming first. Quick and sharp in the silence, first on the right and then on the left. Gellhorn's hands quivered as he punched savagely for increased speed. A beam of light shot out from among a scrub of trees, blinding us. Another beam plunged at us from behind the guardrails on the other side. At a crossover, four hundred yards ahead there was a sque-e-e-e as a car darted across our path.

"Sally went for the rest," I said. "I think you're surrounded."

"So what? What can they do?"

He hunched over the controls, peering through the windshield.

"And don't you try anything, old-timer," he muttered.

I couldn't. I was bone-weary and my left arm was on fire. The motor sounds gathered and grew closer. I could hear the motors missing in odd patterns and suddenly it seemed to me that my cars were speaking to one another.

A medley of horns came from behind. I turned and Gellhorn looked quickly into the rear-view mirror. A dozen cars were following in both lanes.

Gellhorn yelled and laughed madly.

I cried, "Stop! Stop the car!"

Because not a quarter of a mile ahead, plainly visible in the light-beams of two sedans on the roadside, was Sally, her trim body plunked square across the road. Two cars shot into the opposite lane to our left, keeping perfect time with us and preventing Gellhorn from turning out.

But he had no intention of turning out. He put his finger on the full-speed button and kept it there.

He said, "There'll be no bluffing here. This bus outweighs her five to one, old-timer, and we'll just push her off the road like a dead kitten."

I knew he could. The bus was on manual and his finger was on the button. I knew he would.

I lowered the window and stuck my head out. "Sally," I screamed. "Get out of the way. Sally!"

It was drowned out in the agonized squeal of maltreated brakebands. I felt myself thrown forward and heard Gellhorn's breath puff out of his body.

I said, "What happened?" It was a



About the Author

You think this story is "out of this world"? Maybe. But there's probably more scientific information hidden between the lines than you suspect. Its author is a rare specimen of science-fiction writer. He has the scientists—and literary critics—as well as the fans on his side. And he ought to know what he's talking about: he's a professor of chemistry at Boston University's School of Medicine.

Isaac Asimov is only 34 years old. His parents came to this country from Russia when he was 3. His father opened a magazine and candy store in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Isaac grew up reading the magazine stock. By the time he was nine, he was a science fiction fan. From high school he won a scholarship to Columbia University. There he majored in chemistry and then took a Ph.D.

He was in college when he first tried his hand at science fiction. His first eight stories were turned down. Then he "got the hang of it." Since then publishers have been snapping up his stories—and novels—as fast as he turns them out.

foolish question. We had stopped. That was what had happened. Sally and the bus were five feet apart. With five times her weight tearing down on her, she had not budged. The guts of her.

Gellhorn was yanking at the "Manual" toggle switch. "It's got to," he kept muttering. "It's got to."

I said, "Not the way you hooked up the motor, expert. Any of the circuits could cross over."

He looked at me with a tearing anger and growled deep in his throat. His hair was matted over his forehead. He lifted his fist.

"That's all the advice out of you there'll ever be, old-timer."

And I knew the needle-gun was about to fire.

I pressed back against the bus door, watching the fist come up, and when the door opened I went over backward and out, hitting the ground with a thud. I heard the door slam closed again.

I got to my knees and looked up in time to see Gellhorn struggle uselessly with the closing window, then aim his fist quickly through the glass. He never fired. The bus got under way with a tremendous roar and Gellhorn lurched backward.

Sally wasn't in the way any longer, and I watched the bus's rear lights flicker away down the highway.

I was exhausted. I sat down right there, right on the highway, and put my head down in my crossed arms, trying to catch my breath.

I heard a car stop gently at my side. When I looked up, it was Sally. Slowly—lovingly, you might say—her front door opened.

No one had driven Sally for five years—except Gellhorn, of course—and I knew how valuable such freedom was to a car. I appreciated the gesture, but I said, "Thanks, Sally, but I'll take one of the newer cars."

I got up and turned away, but skillfully and neatly as a pirouette she wheeled before me again. I couldn't hurt her feelings. I got in. Her front seat had the fine, fresh scent of an automobile that kept itself spotlessly clean. I lay down across it, thankfully, and with even, silent, and rapid efficiency, my boys and girls brought me home.

Mrs. Hester brought me the copy of the radio transcript the next evening with great excitement.

"It's Mr. Gellhorn," she said. "The man who came to see you."

"What about him?"

I dreaded the answer.

"They found him dead," she said. "Imagine. Just lying dead in a ditch."

"It might be a stranger altogether," I mumbled.

"Raymond J. Gellhorn," she said, sharply. "There can't be two, can there? The description fits, too. What a way to die! They found tire marks on his arms and body. Imagine! I'm glad it turned out to be a bus, otherwise they might have come poking around here."

"Did it happen near here?" I asked.

"No—near Cooksville. But, goodness, read about it yourself if you—What happened to Giuseppe?"

I welcomed the diversion. Giuseppe was waiting patiently for me to complete the repair job. His windshield had already been replaced.

I said, "Jeremiah! You know."

"Has he been stunting on the speedway again? Why don't you talk to him about it?"

"I have. It doesn't do any good."

After she left, I snatched up the transcript. There was no doubt about it. The doctor reported he had been running and was in a state of totally spent exhaustion. I wondered for how many miles the bus had played with him before the final lunge. The transcript had no notion of anything like that, of course.

They had located the bus and identified it by the tire tracks. The place had it and were trying to trace its ownership.

There was an editorial in the transcript about it. It had been the first traffic fatality in the state for that year and the paper warned strenuously against manual driving after dark.

There was no mention of Gellhorn's three thugs and for that, at least, I was grateful. None of our cars had been seduced by the pleasure of the chase into killing.

That was all. I let the paper drop. Gellhorn had been a criminal. His treat-

ment of the bus had been brutal. There was no question in my mind he deserved death. But still I felt a bit queasy over the manner of it.

• • •

A month has passed now and I can't get it out of my mind.

My cars talk to one another. I have no doubt about it any more. It's as though they've gained confidence, as though they're not bothering to keep it secret any more. Their engines rattle and knock continuously.

And they don't talk among themselves only. They talk to the cars and buses that come into the Farm on business. How long have they been doing that?

They must be understood, too. Gellhorn's bus understood them, for all it hadn't been on the grounds more than an hour. I can close my eyes and bring back that dash along the highway, with our cars flanking the bus on either side, clacking their motors at it till it understood, stopped, let me out, and ran off with Gellhorn.

Did my cars tell him to kill Gellhorn? Or was that his own idea?

Can cars have such ideas? The motor designers say, no. But they mean under ordinary conditions. Have they foreseen *everything*?

Cars get ill-used, you know.

Very ill-used.

Some of them enter the Farm and observe. They get told things. They find out that cars exist whose motors are never stopped, whom no one ever drives, whose every need is supplied and every desire is waited upon.

Then maybe they go out and tell others. Maybe the word is spreading quickly. Maybe they're going to think that the Farm way should be the way all over the world. They don't understand. You couldn't expect them to understand about legacies and the whims of rich men.

There are millions of automobiles on earth, tens of millions. If the thought gets rooted in them that they're slaves, that they should do something about it, if they begin to think the way Gellhorn's bus began to think—

Maybe it won't be till after my time. And then they'll have to keep a few of us to take care of them, won't they? They wouldn't kill us all.

And maybe they would. Maybe they wouldn't understand about how someone would have to care for them. And maybe they won't wait.

Every morning I wake up and think: Maybe today.

I don't get as much pleasure out of my cars as I used to. Lately I notice that I'm even beginning to avoid Sally.



Cavalcade Firsts 1954

By YOUNG WRITERS

Selections from

Scholastic Writing Awards Entries



Joyce Boudreau won an Award for "Lost Love" before she graduated last spring from the Vincentian Institute, Albany, N. Y. An active student, she worked for the Red Cross, the Catholic Youth Organization, and her school paper, and belonged to the French

and Dramatics clubs. Dancing and collecting jazz records are Joyce's hobbies, but she also cooks and embroiders. Someday she hopes to "get married and bring up a family of seven children."

LOST LOVE

By Joyce Boudreau

Vincentian Institute, Albany, N. Y.
Teacher, Sister Mary Carmel

It was all behind her now, and another girl was suffering the joy and heartache of being "Dave's girl." If you've ever watched a friend fall for that "same old smile," you'll enjoy Joyce Boudreau's 1954 Award-winning "Lost Love." (For the rules for the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards, see p. 38.)

LAURIE is such a nice kid! Sitting across the booth from her, I couldn't help but admire the dusty gold hair that encircled her face. A thin girl who complimented her blonde attractiveness by a flair for dramatic emphasis, she made the anger I felt towards her mingle with pity. Pity because she was letting herself be hurt so easily.

Could anyone in the room understand how I felt as I watched her fight back tears? She was Dave's girl. I had been Dave's girl. I used to be the one whom everyone considered the luckiest girl in the world, lucky because I was Dave's girl. I used to be the one who waited for him in the back booth, waited for his smile that was meant just for me.

Maybe I should be jealous, jealous because she had taken him away from me. I hadn't wanted to break up with him. But for two years I had never argued with him, how could I have started?

Following Laurie's glance across the room, I caught sight of him. Leaning against the juke box, he was smiling down at the girls in the opposite booth. His shoulders seemed twice as wide in the heavy leather jacket, and the

cold wind had brought a glow to his dark features.

When he saw Laurie, he swung his attention to our booth. Her face had regained its radiance and a smile was escaping from her lips. As he approached, her voice met him in a welcoming tone. Forgetting me, forgetting the tears that had gathered a few minutes ago, she slid over to make room for him.



This pencil drawing by Richard Bobby, Lincoln H. S., Cleveland, Ohio, won an award in the 1954 Scholastic Art Awards.

When he looked up to find me sitting across the booth from him, Dave exclaimed in surprise. The old familiar grin relaxed his face, the same old line that I used to delight in, the same tender look in his glance, yet somehow it wasn't the same Dave that I used to build my dreams around.

I felt Laurie tighten the smile on her lips when he asked me where I was keeping myself these days. I didn't need to look because I could still remember how my heart had twisted whenever his attention had strayed to someone else. At that moment I was glad that Dave and I were through.

Laurie tried to corner his attention, but he insisted on striking up conversations with me or with one of the kids who passed the booth. I hadn't been to blame when I berated my abilities as a conversationalist. It had been Dave, Dave who couldn't concentrate five minutes on anyone but himself.

The clock climbed toward nine with a speed that escaped my notice; but when it was finally time to go, I held back. Then I realized the uselessness of trying to tell Laurie what I knew about being in love with Dave. She'd have to find out for herself how deeply he could hurt her, and how little her devotion would matter if it suited his fancy to find a new girl. I didn't try to tell her because I knew she was in love with him, just as I had been in love with him.

Then as I walked home, the wind stinging the tears in my eyes, I realized that she was in love with him, just as I was still in love with him.

A Memorable Day Of My Life

By Edwin McGovern, Jr.

Haverstraw (N. Y.) H. S.

Teacher, Mrs. K. R. MacManus

"Up goes the jib, up goes the mainsail, and away we go!" It's the day of the big sailboat race, and for Edwin McGovern, Jr., it is "A Memorable Day of My Life." Edwin won an Honorable Mention for this essay in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

IT IS the morning of July 4, 1948, and it is to be one of the most outstanding days of my life. Today is the day of the big sailing event, which is to take place on the Hudson River at 2:00 p.m. There are fourteen Lightnings taking part in this race. The Lightning is the type of boat that is entered in the race. These boats are nineteen feet long and have two sails on them—the mainsail and the jib, which is a small sail in the bow of the boat.

I went down to the Boat Club at 12:00 so I would have plenty of time to get ready and tune the boat up. In

sailing the boat I had two other crew members, my father and my cousin. There were boats from Nyack sailing in this event, and they were all good fast boats. The time was running by fast, and everyone was doing his last bit of priming on his boat.

There came a call over a loud speaker which said, "All skippers, please meet in the den of the club house." I was the skipper of my boat, so I went to the meeting. I shook hands with many great skippers, who were noted for their sailing all the way from New York down to Florida. We sat down and were rehearsed on the course over which the race was to take place. After fifteen minutes of instructions, we left the den and went to our boats to start the race.

Up goes the jib, up goes the mainsail, and away we go—sliding over the water at a good clip, for there is a good strong breeze blowing up. We had twenty minutes before the race was to start so I had hovered around the judges boat, jockeying for position. I looked at the map, which I received at the skippers' meeting; on it was the



Edwin McGovern has enjoyed sailing since he was a youngster. And living near the Hudson River, he has had plenty of opportunity to be around boats and boatmen. At Haverstraw Hig School, from which he was graduated last June, Edwin belonged to the Proctor Squad, the Dramatic Club, and the French Club. He was also a member of the track and basketball teams. He hopes to become a public accountant.

course of the race. It was in the form of a triangle. The first part of the race was a reach, the second part was to be a point, and the third part was to be a spinnaker run* down the river. The race was to be twice around the course.

Up goes the white flag on the judges' boat, which means ten minutes till starting time. We keep sailing around until we arrive at a conclusion as to how fast and in which direction the tide is flowing. Up goes the blue flag, which means only five minutes to go. Everyone begins to get jittery because we all want a good start. If you get a good start, it usually means you have a good chance of winning. Up goes the red flag—one minute to go!

I put about and started sneaking my way up towards the starting line. My father said I was moving up too fast, so we had to dump the wind from the sails and move slower. By my stopwatch, we had thirty seconds to go. We checked the sails and the center board. Now we had fifteen seconds, ten seconds—we pulled the sails in taut, filled them full of wind, and started moving. Then it was 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 seconds—and then the gun went off.

We were the first over the starting line with thirteen boats following. We stayed to the windward side of the boats, which was down the river. The breeze began getting a little stronger



Opaque water color by Peter Paone, John Bartram H. S., Philadelphia, Pa., won place in show, 1954 Scholastic Art Awards.

* On a reach, the wind comes from the side; on a point, the wind comes from almost straight ahead; on a run, the wind comes from behind the boat.

now, and it seemed to be shifting a little to the east. Half way across the river we had another boat fighting us for the lead, but we were to his windward side, so he had little chance of getting by us. Sailing further on, we noticed for sure that the breeze was blowing from the east, the river was forming large waves, and it was becoming rough for sailing. Also, instead of reaching for the first buoy, we had to point, and our boat was known to be the best boat when it came to pointing. We were the first boat to reach the buoy, and we rounded without dumping any wind from our sails. This second part of the race was now a run, so we put up our spinnaker, the huge sail that goes on the bow of the boat. I looked to my left and saw that there were a couple of boats that still had to round the first buoy. Then, when I looked to the rear of me, I saw a magnificent sight. There were four other boats which had their spinnakers up. A couple of the spinnakers were blue, one was red, and ours was white. I was told later from the people on shore that we all looked majestic with our large flowing spinnakers pulling the boats over the turbulent water.

I noticed that the spinnaker was beginning to pull the bow of our boat down into the water. I turned around to look back, and I noticed a large black cloud forming and getting very dark. The next thing I saw was that the water was beginning to get extremely choppy and the waves were breaking over our stern. The sun disappeared very quickly, and I noticed that the

bow of our boat was digging straight down towards the bottom of the river. I was surrounded by water; we had dumped.

By some incompetence, I had gotten caught under the spinnaker. It took me down under the water with it, and I was sure I was going to drown. They say that when a person is about to die he turns many questions over in his mind. But the only question I had was how I was going to save myself. Instead of fighting the sail, I kept going down with it and began swimming in the direction the sail was going. Through sheer luck and God's will, I came up on top of the water. Later, I found out from my father and cousin that I had been under the water about two minutes. I looked around for my father and cousin and saw them swimming around in the water, gathering up the things from the boat so we wouldn't lose them. We were the first of twelve boats to be picked up and towed to the Boat Club. All the boats that had been in the race had dumped. Some of the crew members drifted to the shore, where the wind had blown them. Others were picked up by large cruisers and brought to shore. Later in the day, I found out that we had been in the middle of an eighty-mile-an-hour hurricane.

We were not the only ones caught in the hurricane. In Long Island twenty-five sail boats had been caught in it and dumped. It was the worst hurricane that any one could remember there. We all thanked God that no one was drowned.

Tell Us About It!

What was "the most memorable day" of your life? How do you feel now about that boy (or girl) you worshipped last year? With what thoughts and memories does fall, winter, or spring touch you? Tell us about it!

This week's Cavalcade Firsts show you how a few students your age feel about sports, about love, about nature. Edwin McGovern's "memorable day" happened to be a day he competed in a sailing race. That particular day is remembered by many yachtsmen, farmers, electricians, mothers. What were *you* doing then—or on VJ day, or last Christmas? Would it make a good essay? Or could it, with a little imagination, be developed into a story? Try it and see!

We're in the market for imagina-

tion, fact—any kind of written expression. The sooner your entries to Scholastic Writing Awards come in, the more likely we are to snap them up for Cavalcade Firsts. And they'll still be eligible for the Awards. That's double glory!

You'll find the Awards rules on pages 38 and 39. Rules for Cavalcade Firsts are the same, except (attention, poets!) single short poems *will* be considered for publication in Cavalcade Firsts. Send the entry blank with your manuscript. We'll acknowledge all entries immediately, but we can't return manuscripts, so be sure to keep a carbon.

Start planning your story or essay or poem *today*, and perhaps you'll be in print next time you open *Literary Cavalcade!*—THE EDITORS

Here are two ideas about autumn: both are by poets who pulled down honorable mentions in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards. The two authors are in different moods as they write. How do you feel about Brian McNaughton's "Apology"? Brian's poetry (in spite of the apology!) won him an award in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

Summer Is Over

Summer is over—

I have seen the sign;
It wasn't the maple
Or the purpling vine;
It wasn't the aster
That gave me the clue.

Early this morning

From a neighbor's flue,
A spiral of grey
Circling up to the blue
Said plainer than words—
Summer is through!

By Nicholas Harper

Escondido (Calif.) H. S.
Teacher, Wallace F. Gray

Remembrance

It was so good
To feel the ways,
The smells, the sounds
Of autumn days.

Smoke-laden dreams
Of golden trees,
Cool rushing brooks,
Swift amber bees.

A sighing wind
And toadstools grew—
I knew them all,
And all with you.

By Joan E. Dougherty

Notre Dame Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Teacher, Mother St. George

An Apology

I cannot touch God's hand, or let my mind
Dissolve with roving night-winds, free from cares;
I cannot track the unicorns to lairs
Beyond the sun, where darkling rivers wind.
I have not looked behind the lacquered fan
That shields a fairy princess from my stares—
And yet, in verse, I sometimes think I can.

By Brian McNaughton

Red Bank (N. J.) H. S.
Teacher, Miss Margaret Thompson

ENTER THE

Scholastic Writing Awards

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- to win honors, cash awards, scholarships

Scholastic Magazines takes pleasure in announcing the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards. The 1955 Awards mark the 30th anniversary of this unique program established by Scholastic Magazines to recognize and encourage talented high school writers.



WHO MAY ENTER?

All students in grades 10, 11, or 12, who are enrolled in any public, private, or parochial school in the U. S. or its possessions are eligible for the Senior Division of the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards. Students in grades 6, 7, 8, and 9 are eligible for the Junior Division. Students who will be graduated in January or February, 1955, may participate if the work is completed prior to graduation.

NATIONAL AWARDS

Courtesy of W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company

Senior Division

In Classifications 1, 2, 3, and 4: Ten First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 25 Commendations. In Classification 5: Five First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 15 Commendations. In Classification 6: One to Five First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; five Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 10 Commendations.

Junior Division

In all Classifications: Ten First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 25 Commendations.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Ernestine Taggard Award

An award of \$50, plus a Certificate of Merit, to be given for the best portfolio entry in the Senior Division of the Writing Awards. Portfolio entries must include examples of the student's writing in at least three separate classifications. Manuscripts should be bound together and marked: "Submitted for the Ernestine Taggard Award." (Individual portfolio manuscripts will still be eligible for awards in the separate classifications, even if the portfolio does not receive the Ernestine Taggard Award.)

National Conference of Christians and Jews Award

A special award of \$50 is offered to a student whose entry (in either the Senior or Junior Division) best shows an appreciation of the need for unity and understanding among all religious and racial groups. The award will be made by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This theme may be treated directly or indirectly in all classifications.

Scholarships

The University of Pittsburgh offers a four-year tuition scholarship for a high school senior interested in creative writing. The University of Idaho offers a one-year tuition scholarship for a senior from the Northwest. Apply early for application blanks for either university. Write to: University of (Pittsburgh, or Idaho) Scholarship Award, care of Scholastic Writing Awards, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

JUDGING

Juries of outstanding authors, journalists, and educators will select the winners. High school principals will be notified shortly before the announcements appear in the May issues of *Literary Cavalcade* (Senior Division) and *Junior Scholastic* (Junior Division). The juries' decisions will be based on originality, quality of expression, and competence in handling particular forms of writing.

PUBLICATION

All entries will be considered for publication in "Cavalcade Firsts," the student-writing department of *Literary Cavalcade*. The May issue of *Literary Cavalcade* is a special annual number devoted entirely to selections from the Scholastic Writing Awards and illustrated by work from the Scholastic Art Awards. Selections from winning Junior Division entries will appear in the May 18 issue of *Junior Scholastic*.

CLASSIFICATIONS, SENIOR DIVISION

1. **SHORT-SHORT STORY.** A very short story that concentrates on one central idea or situation, often with an unexpected or dramatic ending. Length: 1,000 words maximum.

2. **SHORT STORY.** Any narrative involving a complete experience of one or more characters. Length: 4,000 words maximum.

3. **INFORMAL ESSAY.** Any subject treated from a more or less personal standpoint. Your essay may cover an incident which has had an effect on your life. Or it may express your ideas—humorous or serious—about anything from a to z. Length: 2,000 words maximum.

4. **POETRY.** All forms of verse, rhymed or free. Total of 50 lines (either single poem or group of poems) minimum for single entry.

5. **EXPOSITORY ARTICLE.** Any topic of general interest (news events, current problems, historical subjects, literature, education, etc.) treated from an objective point of view. The aim should be an analysis and critical evaluation of the subject rather than the mere repetition of factual information. Length: 2,500 words maximum.

6. **DRAMATIC SCRIPT.** An original radio or TV script or one-act play. (Adaptations of short stories, novels, etc., are not considered original.) Length: 3,500 words maximum.

CLASSIFICATIONS, JUNIOR DIVISION

1. **ESSAY.** You may write on any subject—a personal experience, an event, a world or national problem. Your essay may be in the form of a letter. Content may be serious or humorous. Suggested length: between 300 and 1,000 words.

2. **POETRY.** May be rhymed or unrhymed. You may submit single

poems or groups of poems, but they must total not less than 12 or more than 75 lines.

3. **SHORT STORY.** You may write about real or imaginary people and places. Write about the kinds of people and places you know in real life. Suggested length: between 1,000 and 3,000 words.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Any eligible student may enter any number of manuscripts.

2. Every manuscript must be accompanied by the entry blank that appears on this page (or a copy). The statement as to the manuscript's originality which appears on the blank must be signed by both student and teacher.

3. Do not enter any manuscript in the Awards if it is entered in any other national competition.

4. Students may enter independently or through their teachers. Teachers are urged to make preliminary eliminations before submitting a group of manuscripts.

5. Entries must be the work of individual students; joint authorship is not eligible.

6. Manuscripts should be typed or written legibly in ink, on one side only of paper, size 8½ x 11 inches. Mail all manuscripts FLAT (not folded or rolled) at the first class postage rate.

7. Manuscripts may be sent at any time during the school year. The closing date for the 1955 Awards is March 1, 1955. Manuscripts received after that date will be held for entry in the 1956 awards, if the student can still meet the requirements for eligibility in 1956. Mail entries: Scholastic Writing Awards, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

8. All manuscripts receiving national awards become the property of Scholastic Corporation, and no other use of them may be made without written permission.

9. No manuscripts will be returned or criticized. Be sure to keep a carbon.

10. All students living in the following areas must submit entries before the regional closing date to these newspapers sponsoring Scholastic Writing Awards programs: Connecticut—Hartford Courant; southeastern Michigan—Detroit News; Capital district—Washington (D. C.) Evening Star. Regional winners will be included in the final judging.

● Note the statement on the entry form declaring that the work is ORIGINAL—signed by the student and by the teacher. Anyone who enters plagiarized (copied) material is liable to prosecution under the law. Entries will be carefully rechecked for originality before awards are made.

SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS ENTRY BLANK

DIVISION (Check JUNIOR or SENIOR) JUNIOR DIVISION ☐ SENIOR DIVISION ☐

Student _____
(Must be printed or typed)

Home Address _____

City _____ State _____

School _____

School Address _____

City _____ State _____

Teacher _____ Principal _____
(Indicate Miss, Mrs., Mr.) (Please print or type)

Student's age on March 1, 1955 _____ Grade _____

CLASSIFICATION OF ENTRY (Poetry, Short Story, etc.) _____

I hereby certify that this is my own original work. (Anyone submitting plagiarized material is liable to prosecution under the law.)

Student's Signature _____

Approved, Teacher's Signature _____

Mail to: SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

Chucklebait



Kickoff!

WITH the football season well under way, TAB Club's new gridiron jokebook, *For Laughing Out Loud*, provides some timely chuckles for both players and onlookers. Herman L. Masin, *Scholastic's* sports editor, put the book together, so we were able to lift a few stories here and there.

Team coaches seem to have the most extensive collection of football chuckles, so we'll kick off with one told by Coach Buck O'Neill, whose Hamilton team was being flattened by a crushing Colgate eleven back in 1909.

Desperate measures were called for, and Coach O'Neill singled out a sub. "Miller," he snapped, "go in for Doyle at center. Move around, play anywhere you think they'll strike. But stop that running attack."

Miller rushed in and obeyed orders to the letter. He moved from side to side, making tackle after tackle. Colgate was stopped cold, and Hamilton went on to win. As Miller walked off the field, O'Neill rushed over to him. "Great game, boy!" he shouted. "Once you got in there, our defense sure stiffened."

"Coach, I've got something to tell you," Miller answered bashfully. "Doyle never came out."

What's in a Name?

At a senior dance, the recently demoted varsity quarterback heard the coach's name mentioned. At once he began taking the coach apart right down the line. The pretty young girl he was dancing with smiled and said, "Do you know who I am?"

"Why, no," replied the athlete.

"I," she said, "am the daughter of the coach."

The athlete paled. "And do you know who I am?" he gasped.

The girl admitted she didn't.

"Thank goodness!" he murmured, rushing into the night.



"Nice tackle."

Sport Magazine

I shot a pass into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where;
And that is why I sit and dream
On the bench with the second team.

• • •

When a new coach arrived at Iowa University, the story goes that he inherited a team with a losing complex. The new coach worked hard to cure his players of their defeatist attitude.

During one of his lectures on line play, he kept emphasizing the importance of the tackles. "Most football games," he declared, "are lost at the tackles, either just inside or just outside the tackles."

Looking up, he noticed one of his tackles snoozing in the back row. "Jones!" he roared, "Where are most football games lost?"

Quick as a flash Jones retorted, "Right here at Iowa, Coach!"

Lucky Break

Some of the funniest football stories come from the lips of the bleeding heroes. Making a shoestring tackle late in a game, one of the defensive halfbacks smashed his finger. The team doctor rushed him into the dressing room where he bandaged the injury.

"Doctor," moaned the player, "when my hand heals, will I be able to play the piano?"

"Of course you will," the doctor assured him.

"You're a wonderful doctor," said the happy player. "I never could play the piano before."

• • •

Girls who go to games to eat
And moan of chilly hands and feet
And never stop that moving jaw,
Will be asked to games no more.
—Unless they're beautiful.

• • •

Another classic exaggeration was a coach's remark when asked if the opponent had a big team.

"Big!" he drawled. "Why, those boys are so big that every time they run out on the field they tip it to one side!"

• • •

Between halves of a game at Colgate University, the visitors' band marched out on the field, played a couple of peppy numbers, then lined up in front of the Colgate stand. There followed the usual shifting of musicians as they prepared to spell out something for the Colgate fans.

When the word was finally formed, however, it spelled out PEPSODENT.

GET ON THE LIST! Make sure your teacher has ordered your copies
of *Literary Cavalcade* for this semester or for the school year.

radio script of this story. First, let the class as a whole decide upon the general sequence of events that the script will include. Then have each group write up one section of the script. (It will probably be necessary to have an announcer present some of the first-person comments made by the narrator of the story.)

Student Writing

"Cavalcade Firsts" (p. 35); Scholastic Writing Awards (p. 38); "Composition Capers" (p. 22).

This month's selection of student writing presents three poems, a short short story, and an essay. Each piece is worth an examination by students who are interested in entering the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards (see p. 38). For the "Cavalcade Firsts" this month illustrate, in different ways, what seem to be fairly constant characteristics of the best writing submitted to the Awards each year:

1. Material based on or close to the writers' own observation or experience.
2. Freshness and originality of outlook.

3. Unaffected, natural style.

Students who plan to participate in the Awards should also follow the monthly suggestions presented in the "Composition Capers" section of *Cavalcade*. This month's "Composition Capers" discusses the problem of how to find material suitable for written expression.

A word to the wise! The March 1st deadline for the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards is not as far away as it may seem. Last spring, we shared the chagrin of teachers who discovered that their students had begun preparing their manuscripts too late for them to be finished in time to meet the deadline. When such students were underclassmen, their entries were classified in the Awards for the following year. But seniors lost their opportunity. So! Now is not by any means too early to advise students to begin preparing their entries. And remember, *early* entries have an extra chance of being published—in "Cavalcade Firsts." Note: (Publication in "Cavalcade Firsts" before the appearance of the Awards issue in May does not lessen—or increase—the student's chances for receiving national recognition in the final judging.)

Book Note

There is good news for teachers who admire the work of James Fenimore Cooper, but who have despaired of persuading students to wade through the murky pages of Cooper at his worst in order to discover Cooper at his best. Allan Nevins, Professor of American History at Columbia University, has culled Cooper's major works in order

Coming Next Month

An unusually varied and stimulating table of contents will include the following:

The Voice of Bugle Ann

Book excerpt from the classic dog story by poet and novelist MacKinlay Kantor. An appealing story of men and dogs—and particularly of Bugle Ann, whose voice, they say, still lingers in the valley.

Baby Sitter's Guide by Dennis the Menace

Selections from Hank Ketcham's amusing new book about Dennis, the terrible and lovable comic strip creation who has won a devoted following among both youth and adults throughout the country.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea

Excerpt from Jules Verne's famous fantasy—the forerunner of present-day science fiction. Illustrated with stills from Walt Disney's forthcoming film version of the book.

Papa and the Bomb

William Iversen's touching first-person story of a man whom some might have called a "crackpot"—but who had a vision of a better world that others would do well to share.

Special Christmas Features

Stories and poems with Christmas themes; *Cavalcade's* annual pictorial tribute to outstanding Christmas card designs.

to present a coherent picture of the author's most triumphant creation—Natty Bumppo.

The result of Nevins' work is *The Leatherstocking Saga* (Pantheon Books, 1954), a chronological story of the life and adventure of Natty Bumppo, scout and woodsman extraordinary. *The Leatherstocking Saga* is made up of the "Bumppo sections" of *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie*. It should serve as a palatable means of introducing students to the work of a major American writer.

I'm a Dedicated Man, Son (p. 14)

Here is a sports story about one of the less prominent sports—lacrosse. Students familiar with lacrosse may enjoy describing the game to the class.

After students have read "I'm a Dedicated Man, Son," ask them to consider these criteria for a good sports story:

1. It should catch the flavor and excitement of the particular sport it is concerned with.
2. It should reveal that the author has a real knowledge of this sport.
3. It should present a crisis and/or problem that could conceivably arise in a sports situation.
4. It should emphasize, through plot and characters, the meaning of good sportsmanship.

Ask students whether they agree with these criteria—or whether they think that additions or omissions should be made.

Welcome—Assistant Editors!

Last month we invited your suggestions for stories, essays, plays, poems, and books that have proved satisfying to you and your students and that you recommended for publication in *Literary Cavalcade*. Each of our selections in *Cavalcade* is chosen with two objects in mind: (1) to appeal to the tastes and interest of our teen-age readers, and (2) to represent the best contemporary standards in literature. We will send a "thank you" of \$10 to any teacher who suggests a selection that we publish.

We're glad to announce that we have received a number of suggestions—and hope to receive many more. Communications should be addressed to: Editor, *Literary Cavalcade*, 33 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

Answers to "Cavalquiz" Questions (pp. 19-22)

Quick Quiz: "A Mask for Fear": 1-a; Davy's father, b; Davy, 2-a; Clinton, b; Ginny, 3-a; Clinton, b; Davy, 4-a; Ginny, b; Davy. "I'm a Dedicated Man, Son": 1-c; 2-a; 3-e; 4-d. "Sally": 1-c; 2-b; 3-a; 4-f; 5-d; 6-e.

Have Fun with Words: I. 1-f; 2-d 3-i; 4-h; 5-c; 6-a; 7-j; 8-b; 9-g; 10-e. II. 1-pirouette; 2-caustically; 3-paraplegics; 4-diversion; 5-orifice; 6-virtually; 7-periphery; 8-queasy; 9-ethical; 10-protrude.

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Appealing to the busy teacher is the fact that the Club is designed so that most activities can be handled by the students. A student secretary handles operating details.

FREE DIVIDENDS

An important feature of the Club, and a strong incentive to the development of regular reading habits, are the free dividends. For every four books purchased, members may choose a free dividend book at the end of the semester.

These books are from the Teen Age Book Club selections for November, and are typical of the sixteen worthwhile 25¢ and 35¢ books which the Club offers its members each month. Books are chosen by a board of reading experts to provide titles for varied ages, interests and reading abilities.

TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB
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